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For the Bucks County Gazette.

DOBSON'S SIGN.

BY J. C. HYDE.

"Hang out your sign! I've hung out mine,"
Said Dobson to his neighbor,
"For this will tell what goods you sell,
And will repay the labor."

Old Tip, Jim Drown has come to town,
He earned a little money;
I, Dobson still don't get the bill,
'Twill be exceeding funny.

Look at his nose, as red as a rose;
His eyes, oh how they're blinking
His coat is worn, his hat is torn,
Be sure he has been drinking.

"Come, boys," says Jim, they all know him;
"Let's have another blessing,"
So all treat round till none are found
And her tome possessing.

The clock strikes 'leven, it was but seven
When they began carousing,
But poor Jim Drown has fallen down,
He's napping! dreaming! drowsing!

"Away," says Dobson, "boys away!"
'Tis time that you were going,
If you don't go I'll have you know
The door I'll be you showing."

He looks at Drown, begins to frown,
"I've seen you here before, sir,
Here, put him out, the drunken lout;
There, you be here no more, sir."

The love of gold, oh, who can unfold
Its depths of guilt and madness;
Its heights of crime which in our time
Have filled the world with sadness.

The clock strikes two, his wife as true
As woman's heart is ever,
Watches for Jim, for she loves him,
And ne'er from him will sever.

The clock strikes four, there at the door
She standing, watching, waiting.
"Must I go, and must I go? 'Tis yes or no,"
The question she's debating.

She does not speak; but on the cheek
Of her children sleeping,
She drops a tear and lifts a prayer
To God for their safe keeping.

She goes to town to find Jim Drown,
The man that once did love her,
At Dobson's door she's been before,
Her husband to discover.

Has he been here? The silent tear
Down on her cheek is falling;
'Round in a shed she finds his bed;
The sight is there appalling.

Blood, blood, I see! Oh, can it be?
Where, where is the physician?
He'll surely die if long he lie
Here in this sad condition.

Oh Jim, my dear; how came you here?
My heart with grief is breaking,
Of all the night, 'tis now day light,
Each moment I've been waiting.

What tongue or pen of wisest men
Can tell a wife's devotion;
Through all she goes, no bound she knows,
Impelled by one emotion.

Mid praises, moans and sighs and groans,
His wife he thus addresses,
"I'll try to tell, I tell, I tell,"
Upon his head he presses.

Here let me die, just as I lie;
Say now, am I forgiven?
My wretched life, my angel wife,
We cannot meet in heaven."

"Hang out your sign! I've hung out mine;"
Said Dobson to his neighbor;
"For this will tell what goods you sell,
And will repay the labor."

Bristol, September, 1883.

THE LITTLE PULSIFER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It was just as Miss Evans said it would be, and that, at any rate, was a satisfaction. She never had expected any better of that Pulsifer girl, and now you saw!

Yes, you saw: and, on the whole, what was it you saw? As pretty a creature as ever the sun shone upon, laughing, dimpled, blushing, innocent, but draggled; yes, awfully draggled about the skirt, the once pink skirt of that once æsthetic dress, and such shoes! Perhaps in the past they had been high heeled and dainty number twos; now they were simply clods of sticky marsh mud. And how came they clods of sticky marsh mud? Ah, there was the whole story!

The house was very nearly full when, one bright July day, we saw a carriage drive to the gate with this pretty creature in it, and a young man beside her, who might have been her brother or her lover, if she had looked old enough to have a lover. Mrs. Colman herself stepped to the gate to speak with them.

'They lost their boarding place over to Bunson's Mills,' said she, coming back. 'Something about the mails breaking down, and the letters not being on time, and they had Deacon Spencer's recommend to come here, and as I know Deacon Spencer I reckon I can oblige 'em.'

'Well, what was she crying for?' asked Miss Evans.

'Oh, he's going away, the young man, an' she feels sort of womble cropped about it. He's bidding her good bye now, and trying to cheer her up—mighty hard work, for he's all down in the mouth himself. Going down to Arizona to look at mines this month. 'Buy up Calumet and Hecla when I come back,' says he. And says she, 'I'd rather be as poor as a church mouse than go among those strangers all alone so. And what if I should die while you're gone?' An' says he, 'What if I should die while I'm gone?' An' I left them laughing and crying and kissing like two babies in the wood. There they be now. Her traps 'll be along to-night. Miss Evans, you must take her in hand. I'll go and get up a bit of something nice for her. Bear ye one another's burdens, that's my motto.'

'Parting is such sweet sorrow,' said Miss Evans, lifting her glass.

'Well, it's over now. There she comes, poor thing. She's paid in advance, two months, too. Miss Pulsifer, Miss Evans: Miss Pulsifer, Miss Cooper: Miss Pulsifer, ladies. Now, if you'll come this way, dear, I'll show you your room. You don't need to be a feeling this way—two months goes like a sleep in the night, you know.'

Miss Pulsifer wasn't 'a feeling this way' next morning. A transparent little creature, every mood showed through; and when she was happy she was all in a bubble, and when she was sad she was so blue as to be black and blue.

'Have you heard from your brother yet?' asked Miss Evans, smoothing down the ribbons of which she wore a swarm.

'My brother?' answered the young stranger. 'Oh, I wondered which one you meant. No, indeed. I don't expect to hear from him for a long while. I felt cut off from every one last night, but this morning I feel better. Ben has telegraphed me that Pinckney and Delaware were coming here to camp with a parcel of other gay young artists.

'Pinckney and Delaware?'

'Haven't you seen their pictures at the Academy? Not quite first rate yet, you know, but we think well of them—perhaps because Pinx and Del did them. That's a joke of ours. Sha'n't we have a merry month of it? I always do when they are around. One must do something. You must see Del. He look just like Booth, and Pinx looks just like Del, and they always have a half dozen others as nice as they are; and it is so fortunate that there should be some pretty girls in the house.' Miss Evans was beaming on Miss Pulsifer, and quite bridling with pleasure.

'You are very fond of young girls, are you not, Miss Evans?' asked Miss Pulsifer, unwittingly pricking this little bubble. "That is so nice of you. I'm afraid when I get old I shall hate them.'

'The poor little Pulsifer?' whispered old lady Browne. 'That will finish her case.'

And old lady Browne was right. It did. And perhaps it should. But there was not the faintest intention of offense.

'It may depend,' said Miss Evans, 'altogether on the young girl. A bold and forward minx who twits on facts, and tells people to their faces that they are old or ugly—'

'I know,' said Miss Pulsifer, with a little yawn, and her pretty plump and hand over her rosebud of a mouth. 'Are not they hateful—that kind? But they can't twit *me*, for nobody knows I'm a day over thirty-five unless I tell them. The sly little cat! I doubt if she was twenty.

''As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again,'' said I.

'Are you really thirty-five?' asked Miss Evans, in an astonishment that made her speak, although she had plainly intended to drop Miss Pulsifer like a hot coal.

'And nobody knows how much more. How old are you?'

That did finish it. Miss Evans did not reply in kind, according to the adage, that she was as old as her tongue and a good deal older than her teeth, but she looked Miss Pulsifer over from head to foot.

'I wonder where you could have been brought up,' she said, with an accent of utter disgust, and swept away.

There was very soon after that an Evans party and a Pulsifer party in the house. To be sure, the youth and bloom of the family were in the latter party, and so, to tell the truth, was the absolute old age. But on the Evans side were the sticklers for propriety, if I may be allowed the term, the critical, nothing if not critical, the discontented, and the loverless. Another party occupied neutral territory. This party thought it no disgrace and no sorrow to have reached middle age, but had acquired a placid contentment with life, and a serenity of alchemized experience which allowed enjoyment of the sight of the playfulness of youth, and remembrance of having once shared it, and of having yielded it only to the better condition of this period when the tide swings at the full, and all the powers are at their height, and one looks back at youth as the time when one gathered treasure, and forward to age as the time when one shall expend it. Still this party had, if not sympathy, a certain pity for the Evans party, being it must be confessed, dreadfully afraid of outraged proprieties itself. Nothing at all, however, did the Pulsifer party care for the Evans party; nothing at all did the Evans party care for the neutral party; but the Pulsifers used sometimes to come and throw themselves down at the feet of the neutral party, and we had a charming time together. I was the neutral party.

'Really,' said Miss Evans, a week or two from the declaration of war, stroking her ribbons as a bird plumes and preens herself, 'for the perfect paroxysm of grief that this young person was in on the departure of her brother, she is consoled the most quickly of anything I ever saw. Light does not travel half so fast as the change in her emotions does. Any one of the youths in this young painters' camp, or bear garden, can console her and she will let them. I never saw such manners—in and out as if she were one of them. I wonder Mrs. Colman doesn't put a stop to it. I do not see how people who think anything of themselves can countenance this worse than hoidenish girl. Such behavior will actually ruin the house.'

'What behavior, Miss Evans?'

'This freedom and unconventionality. I don't say it is anything wrong; but it certainly looks anything but right, and I for one have not been used—'

'We all know that, Miss Evans,' said old lady Browne. 'If you had been used to have a half-dozen fine young fellows at your feet, as the little Pulsifer has, you would be less censorious now. And I want you to understand that I, for one, think a good deal of myself, and see nothing to discountenance—'

'Then I must say that her influence is very injurious. Coarse herself, I did not suppose her capable of coarsening every one with whom she comes in contact. Before she came your voice would have been as loud as any if Elise Goodenough—'

'Elise Goodenough,' said old lady Browne, 'is cross-eyed and freckled and bald and ill-tempered, and can do anything with perfect propriety.'

'Pretty morals! Because she is pretty you approve of this singing and dancing at all hours, this perpetual tripping down to that tent, this rambling off upon the meadow and into the woods alone with any one of those young fellows—'

'Safety in a multitude of counsel,' said old lady Browne.

'—this coming in late at night wet with dew, this laughing like a chime of bells—'

'Exactly like a chime of bells.'

'As loud, I said.'

'No, you didn't, Miss Evans. You just said a chime of bells. And I say a chime of bells—as sweet as a chime of bells.'

'I never heard a sweet chime of bells yet; they are usually a deafening nuisance in any neighborhood.'

'Then you never heard the bells of Shandon, Miss Evans, nor the old Limerick bells, nor 'those evening bells,' 'those evening bells.'' And by this means they came round to some other topic; and Miss Evans smoothed her ruffled plumes later by remarking that old lady Browne was certainly losing what little mind she ever did have.

'Ben always tells me to have a good time when he is away,' said Miss Pulsifer, sitting on the grass at my feet. 'If I think of him a moment I get to crying, and it makes me ill to cry, and—and I don't let myself think. I just plunge into this mad gayety.' And then she laughed as if at the idea of there being any gayety in it. 'I am saddest when I sing,' she sang:

'It seems to me,' I answered, 'that there is considerable gayety; if not mad, yet Miss Evans would say reckless.'

'Oh, Miss Evans! she says anything but her prayers. Now, seriously, do you think it a wild dissipation to build a fire on the shore with a parcel of boys you have known ever since they were born, and roast clams by the red rising moon, and they all begin to scramble round for their painting things to get the difference between that firelight on the wet sand and that moonlight, and then they all cry, 'Oh, pshaw! oh, shop!' and go back to their clams, and go home singing 'Ubidee,' with the watchman's rattle in it? Awfully exhilarating, isn't it? Then it's almost as intoxicating to go into the woods with Pickney and Delaware—Pinxit et Delineavit—and get your shoes in the mire, and lose your way, and get to crying, and hear the sheep bleat, and find you have only been on the other side of the garden wall all the time, with Mrs. Colman shooing you away under the impression you are the neighbors' cows trying to break through the fence. Oh yes, it is a mad and reckless way of spending the time till Ben gets back, and the only comfort in it is that I can't lose my reputation.'

She said it so soberly that a little guilty flush rose in my face. 'Can't, you know,' she said, looking up at me roguishly. 'Because it is gone already? Or, because the place really is not large enough to lose anything in, not even your heart? Poor Miss Evans! if I had lost anything, she would find it; she keeps such a lookout. How surprised she will be!' And then the little lady went off in peals of laughter. 'Oh, your good old Mrs. Colman!' she exclaimed, without the least apparent relevancy. 'She's a jewel. And isn't she too funny? I do not know that any one ever gave me so much amusement as she has. I am going to give her my third best black silk. If she pieces it up with cambric, and opens the waist with a couple of gores and a vest, it will really fit her; and you know it is a poor foot that won't shape its own stocking. And if the dress is once made she can be poured in somehow—she is usually in a state of liquefaction. You will have to help me about it, though.'

As I look back on that summer I wonder what we did before the little Pulsifer joined us, and to what degree of stagnation we should have fallen. She did not bring her young painters up to the house; but she gave us endless themes for conversation by going down to them with such friends as she had made and as she chose to take with her, and by the utter independence of her behavior.

'Totally indifferent to good opinion,' ejaculated Miss Evans.

'And to slanderous gossip,' answered old lady Browne, who, when she did fight, gave no quarter.

At such times as the little witch staid in the house she would sit at the rattling piano for hours together singing us old songs that she knew in endless succession. 'You won't laugh again at this piano when I tell you it is half like the one Beethoven used to play,' she said. 'Beethoven used to play at a piano all of whose key-board was silent, you know, and only half of this key-board is.' She had, too, an inexhaustible store of new conundrums which she used to scatter in a *feu de joie* if things were a little dull.

'They're worse than the mosquitoes,' said Miss Evans, bustling from one seat to another, her ribbons as lively as a whole fleet when busy with private signals. 'Only think, Miss Cooper,' picking out the bows, 'how different it was before the house was given up to this sort of nonsense. I think she must sit up over-night to make them.

'You mustn't think so much, Miss Evans,' said the enemy. 'It's bad for your head. At any rate, you mustn't ask Miss Cooper to think. By-the-way, why is Miss Evans like—'

Thereat Miss Evans flounced out of the room. The little enemy laughed. 'I wasn't going to say anything ill-natured,' she said. 'I was only going to ask why she was like a lily of the field. And it wasn't because she toils not, neither does she spin, but because Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in anything like that new gown of hers.'

Whenever it rained she came down with a new gown of her own, to vary her usual green flannel field suit; some æsthetic wonder of her own contriving, now embroidered fit for a Japanese princess, now covered with quaint paintings, and now a creation of puffs and frills as pretty as the dress of a French marquise in an old picture.

'The most barefaced little flirt I ever met,' said Miss Evans, surveying the latest toilette one afternoon when several weeks of our acquaintance had progressed. 'Always getting herself up for admiration. It's really disgraceful the way she carries on.'

'It's hurting the house,' said Miss Cooper.

'Certainly it is,' said Mrs. Bedlow, the rather gay widow who had been wont to be the object of consideration with—the ladies of the house. Sooth to say, there were no gentlemen before the Pulsifer arrival. 'I shall not think of coming back next year unless Mrs Colman puts a stop to these proceedings.'

'Yes, just look at her!' said Miss Evans. 'I suppose she's going to traipse out on the meadows in that rig, to make a point in the landscape for some of her painters, and not be home till midnight. I don't know how Mrs. Colman can expect respectable people to remain in her house,' said Miss Evans, with every ribbon bristling.

It was a pretty rig of the little minx's—a pale pink muslin with full shoulder puffs, belted just under the arms like one of the Empress Josephine's gowns, and falling straight down to the little high-heeled shoes without a ruffle, the round neck filled in with strings and strings and strings of pearl beads till you hardly saw the pinky pearl skin beneath. She came running in with an envelope in her hands. 'Oh, I have a telegram from Ben!' she cried. 'And he'll be here before I expected. 'Isn't it lovely of him. I've half the mind to go over and surprise him—he'll be in Hillsborough on the five-o'clock train. I am always in such a hurry. What do you think?'

'I think you are half beside yourself.'

'So I am. I don't want to be foolish, but I am so glad and happy. Perhaps it is foolish to be happy in such a world as this,' with a sigh of pleasure. And the contrast made herself in her beauty and radiance, and her words of disillusion, was sufficiently piquant. 'At any rate, it is adding just so much time to one's happiness, so I think I will go. And perhaps the boys will go too.'

'The boys!' breathed Miss Evans, in disgust.

'The boys,' said Miss Pulsifer, with emphasis. *My* boys, if you want to be more precise. How do you like *this* dress, Mrs. Browne?' and she pinned a bunch of red tupelo leaves over her heart.

'They turned early, just on purpose,' said old lady Browne.

'So they did. And don't they make a rosy flame of the whole gown; and does not the gown give them a vivid life of their own? I am so glad I put it on to-day. I got it up, though, for Del's delectation.' And she danced out of the room singing, "A very æsthetic, highly magnetic, peripatetic silver churn,' or words to that effect, whatever they meant.

It was not remarkable that we saw no more of Miss Pulsifer that afternoon; we seldom did after she went out on her war-path, as Mrs. Bedlow called it; but to-day she had not taken May Bryan or Helen Warner with her, as she often did. At tea-time Miss Evans remarked that Miss Pulsifer was probably improving that ridiculous dress of hers by roasting clams at a beach fire. At bed-time she confided to us, 'No Miss Pulsifer, as usual.' At midnight she went past my door with lamp in hand, trying Miss Pulsifer's door, and setting it wide open on her way down to the watercooler for ice-water, her own ice having melted.

'Didn't know anything could melt your ice,' muttered old lady Browne, *sotto voce*, opening and shutting her own door as Miss Evans fluttered by with the ribbons of her wrapper streaming after her. Miss Pulsifer had once whisperingly declared that Miss Evans had bought out a ribbon shop at some indefinite past period, and was spending her life wearing out the stock.

At breakfast Mrs. Colman began to fidget. 'I don't know where Miss Pulsifer is,' she complained into the depths of the tea-pot, stirring the grounds with a spoon. 'And here is everything a-getting cold.'

'I can tell you where she is not, and where she has not been all night,' said Miss Evans, bridling with conscious virtue.

'You need not trouble yourself,' said Mrs. Colman, trembling. 'I know all about it, and a great sight more than you do.'

'Well, I declare!' said Miss Evans.

'You always a-declaring,' said Mrs. Colman.

The day wore on; it was a day of soft dull sky and fine incessant rain, and dinner came and went as dinners do, and still there was no Miss Pulsifer.

'I am worried half to death,' murmured Mrs. Colman.

'I never knew anybody else to worry over an elopement,' said Mrs. Bedlow.

'I never knew such a hard-hearted set of women, if I do get my living out of them,' said Mrs. Colman, in a high state of exasperation. 'What does she want to elope for, I would like to know?'

'Well, if she hasn't, it is a pity she hasn't, that is all,' said Mrs. Bedlow. 'She went off yesterday afternoon with that Mr. Delaware, and it is twenty-four hours since, and she has not come back. It is a very poor piece of business for your house, Mrs. Colman, at any rate.'

'Pshaw!' said Mrs. Colman. 'Old lady Browne and me are not the only ones anxious. The young men down there are in a great fright, and are scattered all over the marshes, and are shooting their rifles and blowing horns and getting ready to build fires for the night, rain or not. And I am worried, just as I said, e'en-a'most out of my wits, for one. I thank the Lord I warn't made with a heart like a nether millstone whenever a pretty girl is in question!' And banging the door so that the house shook, Mrs. Colman added, when safely in the hall, that she didn't care a mite for such boarders if they never came back.

I confess I was quite as much concerned as old lady Browne and the rest of the Pulsifer party, as dark came down again and that gay voice and vision were still wanting. And there were no lights down in the tent under the willows, and here and there, far out on the wide wilderness of meadows, I saw faint gleams of fire struggling with the rain and mist and going under, and realized, indeed, that the little Pulsifer, with her attendant, was lost in the marshes, and perhaps dying of hunger and exposeure.

As the night settled, even the Evans party announced a cessation of hostilities, and Miss Evans herself began to flit uneasily about, her agitated ribbons playing the part of flags of truce, and it was she that suggested the house should be lighted from top to bottom, as she began to haunt the window where Mrs. Colman was always wiping the pane and peering out under the shelter of her hand. Mrs. Bedlow came and sat down by me, saying she really felt quite creepy as she thought of that poor little thing fainting and perhaps dying out there in the rain and dark. Old lady Browne took the occasion to read them a lecture as to the past, with doxology of forgiveness at the end; but the more anxiety they now expressed Mrs. Colman stiffened the more indignantly. 'Awful soft-hearted at last,' said Mrs. Colman. 'For my part, I am just as vexed with her as I can be, the hoity-toighty little simpleton, galivanting off on this ma'sh that ain't got a point of the compass about it!'

But soft-hearted or vexed, it didn't signify. There was no answer to our lights or our gongs, and at last we went to bed, although I don't imagine anybody slept, and we were all up, on one pretext or another, by daybreak, when the sun rose as if he was not aware there was a thing the matter, tricked out with all his beams, and the earth was glittering and green and beautiful. 'I vum,' said Mrs. Colman, 'it is a sin and a shame to see the weather so smiling, and that little thing, for all we know, dead out on the ma'sh, or fallen into some of the ditches, or tired out and dropped, and overtaken by the tide and drowned. My sakes alive! if that ain't her now!'

And there she was!—there she was coming up the long lawn with the young gentleman known as Ben, whom we had seen only in the carriage on the day he brought her; and all the others, too, clustered about her, as sorry a looking set, it must be said—unshaven, miry, mouldy, streaked with earth—as one could fancy out of a night-mare; but she herself laughing, dimpled, blushing, innocent, draggled, and her shoes clods of marsh mud. If her dress ever had been pink, you would have not known it now, smeared in yellowish-green from hem to waist with mud and water and eel-grass; the silken stockings, the strings of pearls, the hat with its rosy pompons—they were all but part of a slimy ruin that made you marvel the more at the round and rosy laughing face above. 'Oh, I'm all right!' she cried—'perfectly right! But I can't put my arms around anybody's neck in this plight. I can't kiss any of you, and how glad I am to see you, till I tear off these lendings and have a bath and some clean clothes. I know you're glad to see me.'

'Just as I said it was in the beginning,' said Miss Evans suddenly to her next neighbor, dropping as dead as a plummet from her recent heights of magnanimity. 'Out all of two nights without a word of explanation. I've been expecting something of the sort, and here it is, just as I always said it would be.'

'And that, at any rate, is a satisfaction,' said old lady Browne, giving Miss Evans one of her sharp little glances, such as the old gypsy in the 'Flight of the Duchess' might give out of her disappearing eye-holes. 'But I'm afraid it's all the satisfaction you'll have. Here, my dear,' to the little Pulsifer, 'you needn't wait for a clean dress to introduce your husband to these ladies.'

'Your husband!' cried the Evans party, with one voice.

"Who did you suppose it was?' said the enemy, turning on them coolly. 'Who did you suppose it was that I was so sorry to part with two months ago? My brother? Brothers and sisters are very good friends, as you see. Here, Pinckney, Delaware, Gordon, Spencer—my brothers, the Messrs. Carroll—Mrs. Bedlow, Miss. Evans, Miss Cooper, ladies all. But brothers and sisters don't make quite such a fuss at parting for two months as husbands and wives do. As you are so interested in my family matters, I will add that my other brother is commander of a vessel cruising with the Asiatic squadron, the one I don't expect to hear from for a long while, Miss Evans. And he'll regret the loss of such an opportunity of making your acquaintance.'

'Why in the world—'

'Oh, do not mention it,' she said, with flashing eyes. 'Good Mrs. Colman's native pronunciation of the word Mrs. gave me a chance of masquerading as a girl again, and I told the truth to her and dear old lady Browne, and ran for luck with the rest of you, just to see how it would seem to be a girl again, and to be talked over by a—'

'Come, come, come now, little Pulsifer!' said old lady Browne, sharply.

'Yes, little Pulsifer,' said Ben, laughing, although demoralized, 'it is quite time you came. Ladies if you will forgive her, she will forgive you, and we will take a cup of coffee together presently, when I will recount to you the true and strange adventures of a young lady and her brothers, who went hunting for her husband across the marshes, and took him confidently home the same way, to be lost in fathomless morasses, and to die of cold and hunger, if her three other brothers and their cousins had not started out in pursuit, heaped them beds of eel grass, and roasted them suppers of clams. You see it is quite like the story of the four queens in the old puzzle at cards. But why in Jerusalem didn't you let people know you were brothers—'

'And deprive them of a whole summer's pleasure, with nothing and nobody to talk about! Why, I would rather they would talk about me than suffer that. You do not know what fun it was,' turning to Miss Evans, whose ribbons had wilted into strings. 'It was like being in the dark outside of a lighted room where folks were moving. I knew everything that was passing in your minds, and you did not know one thing about me. And I enjoyed it so well that—if you do not mind the mud—I will kiss you!'

It was a beautiful little Pulsifer putting up that sweet red mouth, and Miss Evans meekly took the kiss, and stroked out her ribbons, shook her slender fist at me, and gave her back another!—*Harpers Bazar.*

From St. Nicholas.

NED'S SUGGESTION.

BY LOUISE R. SMITH.

"Where did you buy her, Mamma?"
Asked three-year-old Ned of me,
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"
I answered, and he smiled,
Then softly bent his curly head,
And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him
And he said, "If I'd been you,
While I was about it, Mamma,
I'd have caught the angel, too!"

GIRL OR BOY?

There is no doubt that in the true order it is just as well to be a girl as to be a boy; just as well to be a woman as to be a man. In the true order, life must be as full, as rich, as compensating and as complete for a woman or for a girl as it is for a man or a boy. But now, and in all the centuries that lie behind us, the disadvantages which have beset and do still beset the way of women are palpable to all eyes, and makes the average boy quick to see that not for any sum would he be a girl. The wonder is that each boy, when he becomes a man, does not set himself to make life as rich and free for his sister as it is for himself.

Among wild cattle, the old, the feeble and the sick are set upon by the strong ones of the herd and killed. Is it something of the brute still remaining in the human race that makes the majority of men not only content to leave woman hampered and hedged in by unequal conditions, but to oppose any and every effort made for more just and equal conditions?

The girl early finds the odds at which she is placed. She either resents and strives to conquer the difficulties, or, seeing no escape, gives in, to go with the current.

That which makes the boy rejoice that he is a boy, and not a girl, should appeal to all that is noblest and best in him to help remove the obstacle which makes life so much less free and valuable for her than for himself.

Meantime, let no girl give in or despair. The forces are active which are to make it just as desirable to be a girl as to be boy. We, who co-operate with those forces, look forward to the time of our great-great-granddaughters. We rejoice for them, and that we have been able to promote the better time for them. Let us all help.—*Woman's Journal.*

Parisians are beginning to grumble at the way in which they are being elbowed out of their own metropolis by the crowds of foreigners who settle down there and form little colonies all to themselves. Paris now boasts or rather complains of an American colony loudly suggestive of Fifth avenue, Saratoga, and Bonanza mines; of an English colony, among whom the wanderer might think he had not quitted Regent or St. James' street; a Levantine colony reminding its students more of Smyrna than Lutetia; a Russian colony which might have never quitted the stories of the Neva Prospekt, and a Spanish colony, with its prado and almost its pronunciamentos. In consequence of this increase of alien colonies the Parisians grumblingly allege that they are driven from their own confines, from their boulevards into the wilds of Morceau and Passy. There seems to be every probability that Paris will soon cease to be a French town. It will become a cosmopolitan capital having different quarters for each nationality, and the suburbs alone will be French.

JUDGE AGNEW ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR:—On returning this week from Ohio I found your letter of the 10th inst., inviting a "free and candid expression" of my views, as a Republican, "on the situation of the State at large" and "the condition of the party" in my locality.

I am, as you know, a Republican in the essential principles of the party, yet not a mere partisan; and certainly as far as the poles asunder from the expectation of preferment or office. What I have to say, therefore, will be as impartial as it is free and candid.

I have seen the rise of two great parties, the Whig and the Republican. Each was founded in the essential principles of good government. The Whig arose from the course of the administration of President Jackson, causing the downfall of a true American policy, embracing internal improvements of national importance, the protection of American industry, the proper disposition of the public lands, and a system of federal currency in opposition to that of state banks; and also in the claim of the President to control the purse of the nation as well as to hold its sword, and to interpret the Constitution of the United States for himself in disregard of the decision of the Supreme Federal Judiciary. The opponents of these invasions of popular rights, perceiving their resemblance to the Tory claim of royal prerogatives in England and in the colonies, took the name of "Whig" to denote their patriotic remonstrance against autocratic aggression.

The death knell of the Whig party, by division North and South, rang out in the acts of Congress in 1854, which wrested a territory devoted to freedom, and prostituted it to the curse of slavery.

The Republican party, the lineal descendant of the Northern half of the Whig party, took its rise in the defense of the principles of American liberty, invaded by the Dred Scott decision, and the repeal of the Missouri compromise, carrying slavery into free territory; and in the persistent efforts of the slave states, by free trade, to reduce the price of American fabrics to those of England and the continent, in order to increase the purchasing power of cotton.

These parties, the Whig and Republican, were the true representatives, by inheritance, of the principles derived from Puritan and Huguenot ancestors, pronounced in the Declaration of Independence and in the bills of rights of the states, asserting the liberties of the people drawn from Magna Charta and true Anglo Saxon justice.

The Republican party thus founded, borne down for awhile by mere machinery, is, by the reaction of 1882, again rising to its original stand of fundamental principles; and, therefore, will be successful in the future, as it has been in the past, if the methods of recent years be not revived, and if the reform of 1882 shall be continued in the free spirit of popular liberty in nominations and elections.

In 1882, the Republicans divided because of the prevalence of a machinery which disregarded the true voice of the people. But, with the reform in popular representation, it has again become solid, for Republicans are solid in fundamentals, and all they desire is to know that their principles are supported by their own chosen and faithful agents. No great party can exist in this enlightened country which is not founded in right, justice, liberty and the welfare of the people. This is an essential, for, though parties may differ upon measures, our people have the sense and the conscience to know that any other foundation is contrary to their own interests and the law of true government. But when machinery usurps popular power and holds our destiny in its hand, corruption is inevitable and the heart rot begins. There can be no dependence in its agents.

The return of Republicans to the true principles on which the party rests gives assurance of victory now and in 1884; while this is strengthened by the fundamental error of its opponents in the persistent attempt of one branch of the State government, and that the inferior in legislation, to coerce the legislative branch against its conscience and sense of right.

In my own locality I am glad to believe that there is no serious division among Republicans, and that with an honest administration of the party organism, success will follow. Respectfully, etc.,

DANIEL AGNEW.

Beaver, September 22, 1883.

A STORY OF BLACK.

As a good deal has been printed about the late Jere Black and Jeff Davis controversy, I must even at a late hour, relate what was told me in the Palmer House rotunda: "I was a client of the Hon. Jere Black several years ago," the gentleman speaking said, "and one evening after court we were in the parlor of the hotel in Philadelphia, where the distinguished lawyer was surrounded by admirers, most of whom were women. One of the latter was a beautiful and accomplished Baltimorean. Her conversational powers were charming. She measured lances with the great lawyer on the Southern question.

"And she parried, if I may keep up the metaphor, in a captivating manner. They finally reached some point about Jeff Davis. The Baltimorean idolized her 'rebel chief,' and said: 'Judge Black, you must not say one word derogatory to him as a man.'

"The old lawyer, whom I never saw at bay under any sort of attack, said most graciously, 'I dare not to you, even if I would. But Mr. Davis and I are personally the warmest friends. I wish I could do him a favor without its motive being misconstrued. If he dies before I do I believe I can say something then which I cannot say while he is alive.' I heard this remarkable utterance, and the next day when we were alone I expressed the hope that anything he might live to say or write about Davis would not cause the people of the North to think less of Jere Black.

"He had been toying like a child with his knife and fork, for we were at the table, when he dropped them. He was quiet for a second, and then he looked at me and said so earnestly that it is fresh in my mind, 'Do not be alarmed about that. I will lead him in the procession to the grave. Maybe he will have the last shot at me. That was six years ago."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphorescent preparation, which makes them visible at night.

THE IVY.

BY HENRY BURTON.

Pushing the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark where the foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the Summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won;
So, my soul, like the ivy be;
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down upon things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
As if the frail thing owned the sky;
So, my soul like the ivy be—
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee

Wrapping itself around the giant oak,
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows one secret, how to cling;
So, my soul, there's strength for thee;
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on Me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night,
Keeping the hearts of oak awake,
Till the flowers shall bloom and the Spring shall break;
So, my soul, through the Winter's rain
Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast,
Giving the timid birds a nest;
Coming out from the Winter wild,
To make a wreath for the Holy Child;
So let my life like the ivy be—
A help to man and a wreath for Thee!

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The Democrats, being in opposition, must raise some issue or other in order to justify their demand for a change in the government: and so they have started the cry that the Republican party is hopelessly corrupt, and that the first step toward a better state of affairs is to "turn the rascals out." This cry was started almost simultaneously in various parts of the country, and the Democratic leaders apparently intend to make it the main issue next year. But if they do, they will, in our opinion, make a grave mistake. No one will deny that there are corrupt men among the leaders of the Republican party, or that there have been of late years scandalous cases of malfeasance in office, for which that party is mainly responsible. But when we are asked to turn the Republicans out as a step toward reform, the question immediately arises, Whom have we to put in their place?

Such a party as the Republican party now is would not remain long in power, if there were a party of unimpeachable integrity to put in its place. But, unfortunately for the Democrats, the integrity of their party is by no means unimpeachable, and there is strong reason to doubt whether they are a whit better than their opponents. To be sure, they have not done so much as the Republicans toward corrupting the national government, for the excellent reason that they have not had the power to do so; but in the States and cities where they have had control of affairs, their management has been quite as corrupt as their opponents. Nay, in one respect it has been worse: for the shameful repudiation of public debts in many of the Southern States has been in the main their work, though there has been some disgraceful coquetting with the repudiators on the part of Republicans. Then we all know what scandalous abuses have marked their reign in the city of New York, where they have had uninterrupted control for a whole generation—scandals which are by no means a thing of the distant past. Nor has the party redeemed these acts by valuable services in the work of reform: on the contrary, it has in many cases opposed reforms which the Republicans carried into effect.—*October Century.*

ARMY BADGES.

If, from any cause whatsoever, any one happened to have lost his command, or to have strayed away from or been left behind by his regiment, he could usually tell what part of the army he was with.

An admirable and significant system of badge was adopted for the entire Union Army. The different corps were distinguished by the shapes, the different divisions by the colors of their several badges. Thus, the First Corps wore a round badge, the Second a clover leaf, the Third a diamond, the Fifth a Maltese cross, the Sixth a Roman cross, the Ninth a shield, the Eleventh a crescent, the Twentieth a star, and so on. As each corps included three divisions, and as it was necessary to distinguish each of these from the other two, the three good old colors of the flag were chosen for the purpose—red, white and blue: red for the for the first division of each corps, white for the second, and blue for the third. Thus, a round red badge meant First Division, First Corps; a round white, Second Division, First Corps, a round blue, Third Division, First Corps; and so on of the other corps. Division and corps headquarters could always be known by their flags bearing the badges of their respective commands. As the men were all obliged to wear their proper badges, cut out of flannel or colored leather, on the top of their caps, one could always tell at a glance what part of the Army of the Potomac he was in. In addition to this some regiments were distinguished by some peculiarity of uniform. Our own brigade was everywhere known as "The Buck-tails," for we all wore buck-tails on the sides of our caps.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

Could we but live the past again
How quickly from the tongue
Would fall kind words we left unsaid,
Sweet songs we left unsung;
And fancied cares that long ago
Their shadows o'er us cast
Would fade like passing thoughts away,
Could we recall the past.—*F. F. Murray.*

The romance of real life is illustrated in the person of a young German girl who lived in a small town on the Hudson river. When the Empress of Austria opened, not long ago, a new school for the education of young ladies of limited means, this young girl applied to her by letter for a place there as a scholar. The Empress was so pleased with the style of the letter that she granted her request, and after the young girl's arrival took a personal interest in her and always noticed her when she visited the institution. A certain Count among the royal visitors also met the young scholar, and became so pleased with her beauty and good sense that he made her an offer of marriage. She is now at her father's home in this country, getting ready for her marriage with this nobleman, who is a man of immense wealth.

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some day must be dark and dreary.
—*Longfellow.*

The New York *Evening Post* says that a jewelry house in Maiden Lane, New York, has just imported the largest diamond ever brought to this country. It is an African stone weighing 125 carets, which will probably be reduced at least one-third in cutting. It will be impossible to decide the color and value of the gem while it remains in the rough. The weight of the famous Koh-i-nor is 102¼ carets; before cutting it was 186.

PRIZES AT FAIRS.

We might recall to mind the old homily in regard to the man with the gold ring and rich apparel who was given the highest seat in the Assembly, while the poor man was bid to sit down yonder; and the conclusion is that we ought not to do so. And we might just now apply this to the subject in hand. There is too much of it at the agricultural fairs, and it tends to the injury of the very interest the fairs were intended to benefit. Of the four million odd farmers in the United States there are perhaps two out of a hundred, or twenty thousand men, who have gold rings and costly apparel, and may be called "fancy farmers." These are the men who have the show herds, which they themselves do not touch with the tips of their fingers except to lay their gloved hands approvingly upon the glistening hides so smoothly dressed by the hired herdsmen. These herds take the cream of the prizes. We know of men with their thousands or millions who sweep every year everything that is worth having in the shape of prizes. We know of animals or herds which have been taken from fair to fair, by special train, merely for the purpose of capturing the big premiums, and at the end of the triumphal march the gains have footed up to thousands of dollars. We know that the rank and file, those who bear the heat and burden of the day, in the field and stable, and who have spent much care and labor, and to them much money, to bring an animal to the show, have been mortified to see it passed over with contemptuous neglect, and while special paid men have been engaged to judge the fancy stock, any volunteer or friend of the official has been picked up at random to judge (?) the native or common stock. "Brethren this ought not so to be."

These fairs are for the encouragement of agriculture. Many of them have special grants of money from the Legislature for this end. But agriculture, as it is called, is made up of plain farmers and their hard working native cattle, which produce the milk, cheese and butter of the country, and every day business of the farm and dairy, and this is what wants to be improved. It is not the millionaire farmer, the costly barns and stables, and the hundred-thousand-dollar herd that needs it, and it is a serious question how much agriculture is improved by these. Farmers have visited such farms as these and have gone away feeling sad—sad that they could learn nothing from all this costly expenditure, nor get a useful hint from it at all how to improve their own circumstances. It is all far beyond their reach. Surely there can be some way found by the managers of the fairs to make a place for the working farmers in which they may find something to interest them, and in which they can take some active part with a chance of gaining some due recognition, profit and benefit.—*N. Y. Times.*

HOW IDEAS COME.

A certain lawyer justifies his pet hobby which is carpenter work, not merely by the healthy relaxation of nervous tension and exercise of muscle it brings him, but chiefly because he works out his legal problems plane in hand. Old law reading comes back to him then, out of the way precedents recur to mind, the very text of the law book is never so clearly before him as then. He has a glimpse of the column and the page, and the very part of the page on which is some needed citation for which he would otherwise have long to seek.

Nor is it only memory which works when he is half engrossed with the affairs of his handicraft. Original thoughts arise and ingenious devices; clever combinations take shape of themselves. The case works itself out, and mental labor is only pleasurable exertion, just as his amateur handiwork is. Hawthorne composed walking. Musicians are seized with ideas, and modern playwrights seize upon others' ideas, at the most unexpected moment. Business men have been known to depend upon their meditations at dead of night for sound review of the present, and forecast on which they base their plans. When we are hurried we long for rest, to "think over things" and decide rationally: but relieved from pressure, we "think of nothing at all." Comes the moment for action, we settle in three seconds the confusion of days, and, for good or ill results, our plans are at least clear. What is needed is not time or will, but rather the favorable moment when there is harmony. Then, like the electric message, thought is swift and sure. The idea which we have long waited for arrives, not as the certain result of earnest thought, but as the reward of thought, just as honorable fame is the reward of noble deeds, but not the certain result of them.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

CHANGING THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—Our knowledge of the chemistry of vegetable pigments is not yet sufficiently advanced, for which reason the effect of antificial influence upon the color-tone of flowers has not yet received its merited attention. According to my view, tannin is an important factor in the generation of vegetable colors; it is found in almost every plant, the petals not excepted, and by the action of the most varying reagents—alkalies, earths, metallic salts, etc.—it assumes the most manifold hues from pale rose to deep black. A darker color therefore, is produced in flowers rich in tannin, when manured with iron-salts dye black and produce ink. A practical use has been made of this fact in the raising of hortensias and dahlias. The former, which in ordinary soil blossomed pale-red, became sky-blue when transplanted into soil heavily manured with iron ochre, or when occasionally watered with a dilute alum solution. English gardeners succeeded in growing black daliahs by similiar manipulations. It is well-known to every florist that a change of location, that is, a change of light, temperature, and soil (replanting) occasionally produces new colors, whence it may be deduced that an interrupted nutrition of the flower may, under circumstances, effect a change of color. We see no valid reason why the well-authenticated fact of the change of color produced by manuring with iron oxide, thereby changing the nutrition of the plant, should not be practically employed by the hot-house gardener. Another very singular and successful experiment in producing a change of color in a bird has recently been made. A breeder of canary birds conceived the idea of feeding young birds with a mixture of steeped bread and finely pulverized red Cayenne pepper. Without injuring the bird the pigment of the spice passed into the blood and dyed its plumage deep red. The celebrated ornothologist Russ believes that the color of the plumage of birds might be altered according to desire by using appropriate reagents.—*August Vogel, in Popular Science Monthly for October.*

The Syracuse *Times* classifies the American watering places and their specialties of guests as follows: "Newport English celebrities and their American imitators: Saratoga, politicians, musicians and sportsmen; Long Branch, actors, actresses and railroad kings; the Adirondacks, Mt. Desert, and the Isles of Shoals, college dignitaries, authors and authoresses; Coney Island, the dear people.

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 27, 1883.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

Republican Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM A. LIVSEY,
Of Allegheny County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
JEROME B. NILES,
Of Tioga County.

—Mr. Woodhouse, the mayor of Leeds, Eng., recently entertained over 1,000 of the aged poor of the borough at tea in the Town Hall. Sixty-five of his guests were over eighty years old.

—Pattison's extra session has now run 112 days, and it's cost to the taxpayers is just $316,752. That's what the Democracy of Bucks county in convention assembled heartily and unanimously endorsed, and they also by resolution applauded the Bucks County Democratic Senator, and the Bucks County Members of the Legislature for opposing all means to adjourn.

—Telephonic communication between Jacksonville, Florida, and Charleston, S. C., a distance of 282 miles, and Jacksonville and Savannah, Ga., 173 miles, has been established. It is said that at first it was difficult to hear the operator at Charleston, but finally the words came as distinctly as though spoken through any of the local instruments, while the entire conversation with the Savannah office was clear and distinct.

The average American workingman is so intelligent as to be quite able to take care of himself, and certainly to understand that the way to make his house stand is not to knock the props from under it. Protection is the very foundation of his prosperity, and even the Cobden Club itself will find it an impossible task to convince our workingmen that free trade, with the consequence of pauper wages, would be better for them than protection.—*The Inquirer*

—On and after October 1, two cents will be charged for postage instead of three The two and three-cent stamped envelopes of the present designs will continue to be valid after the first of October, and must be accepted in payment of postage whenever offered in appropriate amounts. The three-cent stamp may be used in combination with other denominations or letters requiring more than one rate of postage, and on parcels of third and fourth class matter.

—General Sherman has fixed November 1 as the date upon which he will turn over the command of the Army to General Sheridan, and virtually retire to civil life, although he will not be placed upon the retired list of the army until February 8. Major-General Pope, now commanding the Department of the Missouri, will probably succeed General Sheridan in command of the military division of the Missouri, which includes, besides the Department of the Missouri, the Departments of Dakota, Texas and the Platte.

—A violent storm raged at Buffalo, New York, on Monday night, the wind at one time reaching a velocity of 54 miles an hour. Trees and sign-boards were blown down; the windows in a number of stores and churches were smashed; the unfinished round-house of the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad, and a fine dwelling on Ferry street, were demolished the public bath house, at the foot of York street, and several private bath houses were washed away; lumber piles in the First Ward were blown across the streets, damaging houses and fences; one hundred feet on the side track on the Niagra Falls Railroad was washed away, and four freight cars tumbled into the Lake, and many of the telegraph wires were disabled. The storm was general on the Lakes.

—The English papers speak of an extraordinary discovery which Dr. Browne-Sequard claims to have made. It is an anæsthetic which suspends sensation without affecting either consciousness or activity, and may be used for an entire day or for a longer period with impunity. In other words, he has invented a drug which will enable a sick person to perform all the natural functions and to assist in his own cure without enduring any pain. The exhaustion which comes of intense suffering will be put an end to; but there will be no suspension of those activities the exercise of which are necessary to recovery. The announcement seems to be too remarkable to be true, but the wonders of science are not yet exhausted.

—Although dancing is discountenanced by most Presbyterians, there is no law against it in the Book of Discipline or the Confession of Faith. A Scotch farmer in Stromness was suspended by the church session because he granted the use of his barn for dancing purposes. He appealed to Presbytery. Presbytery tried the case, and had a very close vote on it. After a weary discussion Presbytery removed the suspension on the condition that the farmer would promise that no strong drink should ever be used at any ball given in his barn. He readily consented to this, and is now as good a church member and in as full standing as anybody in the parish. He can have a ball every night in that barn if it seems good to him, provided he excludes Scotch whiskey and other stimulants.

—Paris swells now carry an umbrella so thin that it is not easily distinguished from a cane. It has a gold handle, silver being out of fashion.

EVENINGS AND BOOKS.

These long September evenings remind us that summer has melted into autumn. Twilight encroaches more and more upon the afternoons. As the days shorten they gently foreshadow the approach of cooler weather. Outdoor life ceases to be the universal rule, and our thoughts turn by degrees to indoor existence. Preparations for winter will soon claim attention in all directions, and the languor and leisure of the long summer days will be abandoned for the claims of awakened energy, and the various interests that checker the range of earnest life. We reluctantly bid adieu to the charmed idleness of the vacation period, with its flitting delights and gay, gladdening pastimes; we turn our backs with a sense of regret upon seaside loiterings and mountain recreations, and all the pleasant scenes that still live in happy memory, and once more we apply ourselves to the accustomed work and plodding toil, to busy hours and active, anxious cares.

But fortunately the hours are not all bound up in the stern realities of duty. Many of them are outside of its inexorable domain, and to most people these are sweet and precious, and are welcomed as peaceful hours of rest, or for that which is better and holier than rest, the opportunity they give for self-advantage and beneficient action—the companionship of a book, or the willing response to charity's plaintive call.

In regard to charitable action and doing good to others, it may be to some people as it was to the author of Walden, who declared that it did not agree with his constitution. The same may be said of some concerning the reading of books—it does not seem to agree with their constitutions. Books have no message, no joy for them. They meet with no more response in their souls than if they were all printed in some unknown tongue. Reading would be irksome business to them, to be classed among the trials rather than among the delights, even of a winter evening. But to those who are fond of books and know their exquisite value, these lengthening evenings are greeted with as much zest as though they were ministering angels. They cheerfully invite us to the pleasant paths of study, and they are ever friendly to the love of reading, that love which Gibbon "would not exchange for the treasures of India."

There are few pleasures more rational than that which is derived from the fellowship of books, those voices of the past and the present which sway the empire of thought, and bequeath to mankind the rich legacy of the world's wisdom and lore. Books are the best companions, and the habit of reading is a good and noble habit, worthy to be cultivated by young and old alike. High and important is that service which parents perform when they encourage their children to acquire a taste for reading, and to choose books as their best friends. These will not only prove to them fountains of unfading delight, and sources of substantial benefit, but they will likewise act the part of silent benefactors, improving and exalting the mind, ennobling the sentiments, uplifting the character, any serving as a guard against idleness, and a protection against the vanities and temptations of the world. The influence of excellent books is immediate and far-reaching, and a good library well stored with the choice treasures of literature, may rightly be regarded as a perennial blessing. It is a delightful friend of youth, and a cheering solace of age, and should be prized by all as one of the chief contributors to the welfare of society.

CONSOLIDATING THE REVENUE DISTRICTS.

The public will be glad to learn that both Secretary Folger and President Arthur are in favor of consolidating a lot of the useless customs districts out of existence. It would also be glad if the Executive had the power of consolidation without the action of Congress, for there would be then a much better chance of the consolidations being carried out. As it is the Congressmen from the districts to be affected will combine to prevent any such action for the reason that it will remove a lot of officials who have lost the art of obtaining their living by any legitimate means. The President and Secretary should make their recommendation, however, and the country will endorse it most emphatically, whether Congress can be induced to vote for the consolidation or not. There is no sense in keeping up a lot of useless customs districts in which the expenses far exceed the collections. If the present members of Congress will not pass the required act at a future election some new ones may be chosen who will.—*Times.*

—China, says a recent traveller, is almost everywhere a land of the dead. For thousands of years the inhabitants have been assiduously employed in burying each other. In the North there are few graveyards, and the person who dies is placed in the most convenient spot which offers itself, and that may chance to be in the centre of a field of rice or on the roadside. If his relatives be rich they at once raise a huge mound of earth over him; if they do not happen to have a great amount of disposable funds they put the coffin down in the field or on the roadside, thatch it with a little straw, and leave it till the money for a mound can be got together; or they erect over it a little structure of loose bricks and tiles. The wind and rain do their work, and so the traveller sees all over the landscape mounds of earth flanked by exposed coffins.

—It is rumored that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is negotiating for the purchase of all the property on Front street between Locust and Walnut, in Columbia, and intends to build a line between that place and Reading to compete with the Reading road.

—A blue crane, four feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, was found on a freight train near York, having been caught between the bumpers.

THE LOTTERIES AND THE MAILS.

We should be pleased to see the Postmaster General succeed in his effort to prevent the use of the mails in carrying on the lottery business. His intentions are righteous; but in his order stopping the registered letters and money orders going to New Orleans National Bank he is treading on dangerous ground. The law authorizes the stoppage of letters addressed to "a person engaged in conducting a lottery," but the bank which does business with a lottery manager is no more "engaged in conducting a lottery" than the boarding-house keeper that boards him. There is a valuable privilege lying inclosed within the sealed envelope that conveys a written letter, of which the people are rightly jealous. It should be carried safely and quickly without delay. The Postmaster General may possibly have evidence which will show that the bank was more than a fiscal agent of the New Orleans lottery, but unless he can establish it he seems to have gone too far. We can better put up with lotteries, bad as they are, than with a mail service open to the suspicion of unwarranted espionage on the part of the government employees.—*The Record.*

—Uncle Rufus Hatch comes back from his Yellowstone expedition an enthusiastic bull on all Northwestern roads, and most of all on the Northern Pacific. The enormous and magnificent land grant, on the faith of which the road was built, will sustain the road while population is centering around it and a permanent local traffic created on the immense stretch from the Missouri to the Columbia, which at present contributes very little to the traffic of the road. The Northern Pacific grant, Mr. Hatch thinks, is the last grant the Government will make, and it ought to be. There is no longer need for stimulating railroad building. The grants already made to companies which are doing nothing toward fulfilling their conditions should be withdrawn and the lands thrown open to settlement. The completion of the Northern Pacific will promote the settlement of the lands traversed by it with wonderful rapidity. The alternate sections which the Government reserved will be increased in value by the building of the road far beyond the original value of the lands given away. Within five years, certainly, from the date of the completion of the road, and probably within a shorter time, there will be two new states along the line of the road—North Dakota and Washington—and a very respectable population in the intervening territories.—*Exchange.*

A DREAMER'S STORY.—A correspondent in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming: "In the summer of 1882, when an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, I was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting rooms it was customary for each resident's bedmaker or other officer to carry his waterkettle for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen and bring it back with water boiling. On one occasion I had overslept my usual hour, and I dreamed a dream. I was at the gate of a country farmyard well known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep and all the animals usually to be found in a farmyard, followed by a north country drover, with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived and actually heard (so intimately were the auditory sounds and the intellectual interpretation intermixed) that my bedmaker was at my chamber door calling me. 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had become confused; there had been no reasoning, but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination."

—Sullivan, the Boston pugilist, is not likely to make the exhibitions of himself and his five associates during a winter tour to California other than genuine sparring matches, for Slade, Steve Taylor, Pete McCoy, Michael Tooly and Mike Gillespie would not be able to endure several times a week the "knocking out" administered by Sullivan in encounters at Madison Square Garden. "I won't fight any more in a prize ring, but I am ready to box any man under the sun," says the famous pugilist. It is to be hoped that his renunciation of the prize ring includes a determination to participate in no more slugging matches. Let him make his public appearances genuine exhibitions of skill, and not of brutality. It is probable that he is physically superior to any other man now living, and the desire to see him is very great, but it will not increase the gate receipts for him to make his exhibitions virtually prize fights. The boxers have made a mistake in supposing the people desire to witness exhibitions of pugilism rather than of skill in sparring.

—While Mr. Patrick McCann and his wife were peacefully eating supper last Saturday in their home at No. 2,053 Jones street, Philadelphia, a shower of bricks descended through the roof upon their heads. Almost any one thus interrupted at a meal would have yelled "Earthquake!" and fainted away; but not Mr. and Mrs. McCann. They had literally been there before and knew well enough that it was only a minor accident on a switch track which terminates within five feet of their humble dwelling. Twice before within a year a hole had been knocked in their wall by cars which the stationary bumpers failed to stop. On this occasion the brakes did not work, the cars ran into the bumpers with tremendous force, and one of them, turning a somersault, knocked up the roof and in the wall of the McCann domicile, whose occupants were both considerably injured.

A Norristown married man can heavily discount Vennor as a prognosticator. When the former starts for home at one o'clock in the morning he always predicts a "storm" within an hour, and he never made a miss but once; and then he found his wife sound asleep when he reached home. Next morning she declared that she had been drugged.—*Norristown Herald.*

HOW TO MAKE FRENCH CANDIES.

The art of making these delicious candies, for which we must all confess to having a weakness, is perhaps a mystery to most people, says the editor of *Harpers Bazar.* Probably many would indulge in them oftener did they know that they could be manufactured at home much more cheaply than they can be purchased, and a purer article is also insured. In the first place let me impress strongly the fact that A 1 confectioners' sugar must be used; roll and sift this; place the whites of two eggs in a tumbler, and mark with the thumb the amount; pour this into a dish, and add the same measure of cold water, and a scant tablespoonful of vanilla. Stir these well together, and have ready about two pounds of the sugar; add this slowly, stirring all well together with a silver spoon. It sometimes takes a little more or less sugar, according to the size of the eggs.

Have prepared one cocoanut grated, one-half pound of English walnuts carefully shelled, one-half pound of almonds sheiled, one-half pound of dates, and, in fact, as many varieties of fruit as you care to make. Take part of the mixture or dough on to a bread board, and knead a little of the sugar into it, then roll it out about half an inch thick. Cut off small pieces with a silver knife, and roll with the hands into balls; these set aside to harden for chocolate drops. Cut off other pieces, and, shaping them with the hands, place halves of the English walnuts on each side; roll the almonds in pieces of the dough and then in granulated sugar, shaping them nicely. Stone the dates, and fill the opening with the dough, then roll in granulated sugar. Place some more of the dough on the board, and knead into it as much of the grated cocoanut as it will hold, then roll and cut into squares; some may be rolled into balls to cover with chocolate. Take the broken pieces of nuts, chop and mix with cocoanut, and knead into some of the dough; this, cut in squares, makes a delicious candy.

While you are proparing these, have a half cake of Baker's chocolate melting on the back of the stove; do not allow it to boil. The balls for chocolate drops harden soon in a cool place, and it requires only a little dexterity to drop them into the chocolate, dip them out with a fork and place on paper to harden.

I have made these candies often, and have never failed, and the trouble is comparatively small, as the nuts, etc., can be prepared beforehand. Many use desiccated cocoanut, but the flavor is not so rich as that of the fresh.

I have given only a few varieties, but any one can add to suit the taste. Figs, prunes, filberts, and Brazil nuts may be used. This is worth trying at least, and I am confident that any one who makes the venture will comply with the old adage and "try again."

THEATER NUISANCES.

If there is one thing more annoying than another to the average theater-goer it is to have somebody behind him begin to chatter about the time the curtain goes up, and keep up an almost incessant flow of words until it goes down again. Philadelphia and New York are gaining an unenviable reputation in this respect. The man, woman or child who has seen a play before seems to consider it his bounden duty to enlighten his neighbor on what is coming next and to keep on enlightening him from the beginning of a play to its end. Actors and actresses complain of the incessant hum that is kept up by a fashionable audience, both in this city and New York, and justly claim that it not only annoys them, but prevents them from doing justice to themselves or the character which they impersonate. There are two classes who appear to take a special delight in this sort of chit-chat, those who wish to impress others near them with what they have seen and heard before, and the lower class society belle and her gallant. These people never stop to think of the large portion of the audience whose temper and pleasure they are spoiling at the same time. If the nuisance increases in the next two years in the same proportion which it has in the last two, those who rush to hear what is going on on the stage will have to use an ear trumpet or take their seats in the early English style at the side of the platform within a few feet of the speakers. Theater chatterboxes, as well as the Chinamen, must go. —*Phila. News.*

CONFIDENCE IN RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.

Whether the outside public can be induced to venture into the stock market again to risk their money in speculative operations may be a matter of minor consequence to the general progress of business, but there seems no reason to doubt that the manner in which the Philadelphia railway interests have withstood the long continued assaults of the leading New York money cliques has given fresh confidence to American railway enterprises, and is leading to a general revival of railway building movements.—*North American.*

—The worthy pastor of the colored Baptist church at Wyandotte, Kansas, was holding a missionary service on Sunday last. In the midst of his discourse he leaned forward upon the pulpit and exclaimed: "Dispatched to Heaven quickly!" He spoke no more, and for a considerable time the congregation sat quietly, expecting him to continue. At last a member went forward to the pulpit and found the minister dead, with his arms around the Bible. Of course there was intense excitement. When the first shock was over the body was laid upon a table in front of the pulpit and the people gathered around it weeping and praying. A doctor soon appeared and determined that heart disease was the cause of death.

—The great Glenn wheat ranch in California, the largest cultivated farm in the country, is to be broken up. About one-third of the farm is advertised for sale in six parcels, and the rest of the estate will probably follow suit.

THE PLATFORM.

The Republican party of Pennsylvania makes declaration of its principles as follows:

First—We unqualifiedly approve and demand the continuance of that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of National independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor, and we denounce all attempts to reduce the rates of the tariff below the level which will accomplish these objects.

Second—That any surplus in the public treasury arising from a reduction of revenue should, after paying the National debt as fast as its condition will permit, be distributed from time to time to the several States upon the basis of population to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation and provide means for the education of their people.

Third—That as the depreciated trade dollar is largely in the hands of our laboring people and is a disturbing element in the business of the country, we declare it to be the duty of Congress to adopt such legislation as will insure its full redemption and conversion into other coin for circulation.

Fourth—That we protest against the practice of foreign governments in aiding or enforcing the emigration of their pauper and criminal classes to this country, and we call upon the General Government to take proper steps to prevent the same.

Fifth—The Republicans of Pennsylvania most heartily indorse the wise and conservative administration of President Arthur, and believe that his administrative policy has, under the circumstances, done much to secure the present happy and prosperous condition of the country, and thus we recognize in him a patriotic and worthy successor to our lamented martyr President, James A. Garfield.

Sixth—We heartily approve of the wise provision made by the Republican Congress for giving the patriot soldiers of the late war a preference according to qualifications for positions under the Government. The soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphans, have a first claim on the care, protection and gratitude of the American people.

Seventh—We commend every effort to inaugurate thorough and correct civil service reform in all the departments of the National and State Administrations.

Eighth—We require that all offices bestowed within the party shall be upon the sole basis of fitness, that competent and faithful officers shall not be removed except for cause, and that the ascertained popular will shall be ratified and carried out by those holding office by the favor of the party.

Ninth—That the Republican party is unequivocally committed to an economical administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth the abolition of all taxes not required for necessities of the State Government; that all laws to prevent fraud and waste should be rigidly enforced and faithful care given to the multifarious interests intrusted to the executive departments of the Government.

Tenth—That the Republican party of Pennsylvania hereby pledges itself to secure the passage of such legislation as will tend to the reform of the government of the State and municipalities, and more particularly pledges itself to provide for cities such reform charters as will correct existing abuses and promote good and economical government.

Eleventh—That the Democratic party in the Legislature of Pennsylvania is responsible for retarding the legitimate and necessary business of the Legislature, causing the calling of an extra session at an expense of more than $200,000, and preventing a fair and just apportionment of the State into Congressional, legislative and judicial districts, and we hereby heartily commend the action of the Republican Senate on these measures.

Whereas, It is the sense of the convention that the freest and fullest expression of Republican sentiment should be encouraged and sought in the primary meetings which are the fountain of party action and source of popular rule, and that this object will be promoted by holding the primaries for the election of delegates to State Conventions throughout the State as far as practicable on some convenient day not remote from the convention, therefore,

Resolved, That the State Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of fixing a uniform day throughout the State for the holding of primaries for the election of delegates to the State Conventions.

THE NEW COMET.

The appearance of this comet will probably bring before the public once more the opinions of astronomers and the warnings of alarmists concerning possible collisions between comets and the sun or the earth. Professor Young, whose views upon this subject command respect, has recently said that while it is practically certain that such collisions must "happen some time or other," they must be very rare occurrences. Babinet, the French philosopher, thought that a comet would strike the earth about once in 15,000,000 years on an average, but Professor Young shows that the paths of at least three comets cut the earth's path so closely that collisions would occur if the earth and one of these comets should chance to reach the crossing at the same time. As to the effect of such a collision—that is another matter. Last year's comet almost grazed the luminous envelope of the sun, and apparently resumed its journey in a damaged condition, but if another should fall into the fiery globe it is probable, in the opinion of Professor Young, that we should know nothing about it, unless the absorption of the victim of its own indiscreet familiarity should cause intense magnetic and auroral disturbances upon this planet. It is probable, also, in his opinion, that if a comet should strike the earth the meeting of the two bodies would be made known to us by nothing more alarming or dangerous than a magnificent shower of shooting stars. Certainly there would be no terrible calamity if a comet is, as many astronomers now think, nothing more than a smoke-wreath or a cloud of dust, but if a comet's nucleus is really composed of aerolites, a blow from such a body, moving with almost incalculable swiftness, might shatter and blister half the globe.—*New York Times.*

POISONED BY CANNED MEATS.

The canned goods industry has assumed enormous proportions. Almost all kinds of meat, fish, fowl, fruit, vegetables, soups, puddings, etc., are presented to the housekeeper in this form, and tens of thousands of persons and many millions of dollars are employed in the business of packing them. But the whole enterprise is based upon public confidence in the purity and wholesomeness of the articles thus prepared. It will not take many more cases of poisoning to destroy that confidence. Let manufacturers be wise in time to see to it that there be no more death in the can.—*New York Tribune.*

MR. GOULD'S LATEST SCHEME.

That distinguished railroad wrecker, Jay Gould, is striving to cause a break down in the Northern Pacific. His motives are two-fold—New York opposition to a Philadelphia enterprise, and a desire for plunder. As the Northern Pacific has successfully triumphed over more difficulties than Mr. Gould can throw in its way, the Pennsylvania stockholders need not anticipate more trouble than is likely to arise.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Cincinnati, one of the earliest patronesses of art and artists in this country, is about to adorn herself with a three hundred and fifteen thousand dollar art museum. It is to be placed in Eden Park, among the hills overlooking the city. It is to be a fine limestone building, the foundations of which are already laid and one wing will probably be built this year. A fine collection of antique arms and armor have just been received from Europe. Judge Hoadly two years ago ordered a complete collection to consist of six hundred pieces of electro-plate *fac-similes* of the art objects in gold and silver, which are owened in Russia and Holland. They are duplicated from copies in the Kensington museum, and will cost about thirty thousand dollars when completed. About half have already been received.

—It is estimated that from $80,000 to $50,000 is being saved every year by the use of natural gas at the extensive works of the New York Plate Glass Company, at Hites' Station, on the West Penn Railroad, eighteen miles above Allegheny.

—They say Mr. Dana has a Presidential bee in his bonnet. If this is so let him turn the rascal out.—*Boston Herald.*

Two sheep-butchers—Patrick Fitzgerald, of New York, and Henry O'Brien, of Newark—were matched to kill and dress ten sheep each for $250 a side. The contest took place on Saturday, in the presence of 500 persons. Each sheep was to be thoroughly cleaned. The contestants were dressed in flannel suits with knives and steels in their belts. The throats of the sheep being cut by the helpers, the men rushed to their work. The New Yorker had his first sheep on the hooks in less than three minutes. The Newarker was a little behind, but did his work cleaner. In thirty-one minutes Fitzgerald had his tenth sheep on the hooks, but he had to go over them all to make proper work; and when he had finished O'Brien still had his tenth sheep in hand, and hung it on the hook two minutes after, and thus losing the match. It was a wonderful feat on both sides.

☞"*I'm happy to say Dr. Benson's skin cure cured my Eczema of the scalp, of four years standing.*" Jno. A. Andrews, Att'y, at Law, Ashton, Ill. $1 at druggists. Endorsed by physicians.

There is in San Francisco a shoe manufactory which is owned and managed by a Chinese firm. The products of the factory are said to be as diverse in style, workmanship and price as those of the Eastern shops. About 200 laborers, Chinese and white, are employed. The goods produced are sold on the Pacific coast, in British America, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan.

☞"I have taken one bottle of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease and find it all I could desire.—A. A. Holbrook, Worcester, Mass."

General Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced, and it is noticable that the prettier a girl is the harder it is for him to remember her, and he sometimes has to be introduced to the same girl a dozen times.

☞"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."—Dr G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 50 cents [illegible] druggists.

Trust no[illegible] cries when she weeps, for it is [illegible]ate to weep when she wants her [illegible]. *Secretes.*

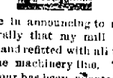
[illegible]'S TRIAL.' [illegible] Marshall, Mich., will send [illegible] a pair of Electro-Voltaic Belts [illegible] on trial for thirty days [illegible] who are afflicted with nervous [illegible], lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

LADIES and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

FARMINGTON, ILL.—Dr M. T. Gamble says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

FORT STEVENSON, DAKOTA TER.—Rev James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
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Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 21 languages.
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Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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MILLS!


I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public generally that my mill has been thoroughly repaired and refitted with all the modern improvements in the machinery line. The PATENT PROCESS for flour has been adapted and gives satisfaction in every respect, and I can offer to the public as fine a grade of flour as can be found in the market.

☞Prime Timothy Seed for sale.

Wheat, Oats and Corn Wanted.

☞Grists ground on short notice.

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Newportville.

Samuel H. French & Co.,
PAINT
MANUFACTURERS.
Farmers' Depot.
FRENCH'S
SELECTED
LAND PLASTER!
Ground from the Purest Gypsum,
And prepared specially for farmer's use for mixing with *Paris Green.*
In purchasing, ask for
FRENCH'S SELECTED.
And take take no other.
It is the Purest, Cheapest and Best.
FOR SALE BY STOREKEEPERS GENERALLY.
PAINTS, PLASTER, CEMENTS,
AND
Building Material.
SAMUEL H. FRENCH & CO.,
PAINT AND PLASTER MILLS,
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Rheumatic
SYRUP.
The Greatest Blood Purifier Known!
A positive cure for **Rheumatism**, in all its various forms, viz.: **Chronic, Acute, Inflammatory, Sciatica,** and **Muscular Rheumatism, Neuralgia** and **Gout.**
An infallible remedy for all diseases of the **Skin and Blood,** such as **Tetter, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Pimples, Blotches, &c., &c.**
It restores the diseased **Liver** and **Kidneys** to healthy action, and dissolves and expels from the blood all the **acrid Poison** or **"grave of Lime"** contained therein, which is the sole cause of all **Rheumatic** and **Neuralgic Pains.** **Manufactured by RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N. Y.** For sale everywhere. Send for circular.
Rheumatic Syrup Co.:
GENTS—I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for what your Rheumatic Syrup has done for me. After suffering over one year with the Rheumatism in my shoulders, so I could hardly get my coat on without help, a friend induced me to try one bottle of Rheumatic Syrup. After taking it I could see such a decided change that I continued its use a short time and it cured me.
Rochester, N. Y., March 10, 1882. DANIEL ROE.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
MILL STREET, - BRISTOL, PA.
The early cool weather has compelled us to open some lines of goods much earlier than usual, but we are however prepared for it and are daily opening seasonable goods at very low prices.
DRESS GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
Commencing with a line at the extremely low price of 8c. yard.
PLAID DRESS GOODS at 10c. yard.
CASHMERES in all the colorings, from 12½c. yard, up.
FANCY DRESS GOODS AND CLOTH SUITINGS.
We have opened this week a full line of
MERINO UNDERWEAR.
MERINO UNDERWEAR.
MERINO UNDERWEAR.
Gents', Ladies' and Children.
LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR.
Some of medium weight, just suitable for this early cool weather.
GENTS' MERINO SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
All sizes from 32 inches to 46 inches.
Commencing with an excellent garment at 38 cents and upward.
MISSES AND CHILDREN,
Three grades from 16 inches to 34 inches.
GENTS', LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SCARLET MEDICATED UNDERWEAR.
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!
WHITE, GREY AND RED MEDICATED BLANKETS,
From $2.00 pair, upward.
We shall open this week our new stock of
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS
and
OIL CLOTH RUGS,
IN ALL WIDTHS.
J. Wesley Wright,
MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

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MILLER & HARTMAN,
FURNITURE DEALERS
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UPHOLSTERERS,
NO. 12 SOUTH WARREN STREET,
TRENTON, N. J.
ALL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.
All orders promptly attended to.

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We desire to call the attention of farmers to a new variety of White Winter Wheat called
LANDRETH'S
WHITE WHEAT.
It is of vigorous growth, early, hardy, stiff straw, free from rust, and produces largely. Price, $1.50 per peck, $5.50 per bushel, or $10 for two bushels. Bag free.
PIERCE'S
IMPROVED
CAHOON BROADCAST
SEED SOWER.
Sows all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed. Does as much work as five men can do by hand. Does better work than can be done by any other means whatever. Worth its cost every year. Will last many years. Nobody can afford to sow grass seed or grain by hand. Price only $6.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS.
D. LANDRETH & SONS,
Nos. 21 and 23 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
And DELAWARE AVENUE and ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA

IVINS & BRO.
White Ash Suits, $25 to $35
Cottage Suits, $16 to $25.
Walnut Suits, $25.
Walnut Suits, Marble Tops, $35 to $200, according to quality, and low prices guaranteed.

Lounges, $3.50 to $7.
Lounges, Walnut, $7 to $25.
Extension Tables, $3 to $20
Bedsteads, $2.50 to $10.
Every grade of goods.
No. 66 N. Second Street, BELOW ARCH, Philadelphia.

GEO. S. STONE,
NO. 16 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,
PLUMBING,
Steam and Gas Pipe Fitting,
ALSO,
Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
Also, constantly on hand, Garden Hose, Hose Pipes and Sprinklers, Hose Reels, Glass Globes and Shades, Bath Tubs, Circulating Boilers, Genuine Cucumber Pumps.


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CARPET MANUFACTURERS.
Retail Store, No. 915 Market Street, Philadelphia.
AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
Brussels, Tapestry and Ingrain Carpetings
NOW OPEN FOR INSPECTION.
IN SMYRNA CARPETS, RUGS AND MATS,
WE OFFER THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE CITY.
ALL PURCHASES FROM US WARRANTED.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 27, 1883.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second ass matter

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing, at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK—Arrives 7 00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8 25 and 11:15 A. M., 4:00 and 6 40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7 00 and 8:45 A. M., and 4 00, 5 00 and 7.30 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 10:15 A. M., 2 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11.30 A. M. Closes 12:00 M.

OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 11 30 A. M. Closes 11.30 A. M.

BELVIDERE, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 4:00 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M.

TRENTON—Arrives 10:00 A. M. and 4:00 and 7 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M., and 1.00 and 6:40 P. M.

VESTERA—Arrives 10.00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Last direct mail for New York City closes at 6:40.

W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

FOR PHILADELPHIA.—For Kensington Depot, 6 53, 7.., 8 23, and 9 41 A. M., 12.51, 3 21, 4.11, 5.43, and 7.. P. M. Sundays—12 .5, 5.24 P. M.

For Broad Street Station.—2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6 53, 7 10, 7.2., 7.50, 8 23, 9 11, 10 47 A. M., 12 51, 1.33, 2 52, 3 0., 3 21, 4 11, 5 1., 7.04, 7.20, 7.31, 9 28, 11.18 P. M. Sundays—2.46, 7 10, 9.00, A. M., 12.25, 5.24, 6 01, 7 15, 11 3 P. M.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.—From Kensington Depot, 6 5., 7.40, 8 10, 10.10 A. M., 2.10, 3.30, 4.35, 5 35, 6.10, 8 0, 7.20 P. M. Sundays 9 00, A. M., 2 15 P. M.

From Broad Street Station—12 01 Night, 6 00, 6.50, 7.5., 8 00, 8 30, 10 00, 11 10 A. M., 12.01 Noon, 2 00, 3 20, 4. 0, 5 00, 5.26, 6.00, 6 02, 6 30 6 35, 7 20, 8 00, and 11 15 P. M. Sundays—12 01, night, 7.45, 8.30, and 8 45 A. M., .00, 6.00, 6 30 and 8.00 P. M.

FOR TRENTON—1 05, 7.28, 8 22, 9 16, 11.00, 11 51 A. M., 12 18, 3 01, 4.19, 5 47, 5 36, 6.27, 6.42, 6 58, 8 36, P. M. Sundays—1 05, 9 16, 9.49 A. M., 3 00, 7.09, 8.3 P. M.

FROM TRENTON—2 25, 6 30, 6 51, 7 00, 8 00, 9.20, 10.. A. M., 12 30, 1 15, 2.35, 2 48, 3 00, 3 50, 5.25, 6.17, 6 2., 7.03, 8.05 P. M. Sundays.—2 25 A. M., 12.01, 5 00, 6 17, 4 05, 10.57 P. M.

FOR NEW YORK—1 05, 7.28, 9.16, 11.44 A. M., 5 36, 6.4., 8.36 P. M. Sundays.—12 54, 9.1. A. M., and 1.00, 4.36 P. M.

FROM NEW YORK.—5 15, 8 30, 11.10 A. M., 1 00, 5 00, 7.00, 9 00, 12.00 P. M. Sundays.—10 00 A. M., 4 00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA.—For Philadelphia, 7.15 A. M., 4 P. M.
" From Philadelphia, 2 00 and 6 00 P. M.
TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 9.30 A. M., 5 00 P. M.
" From Philadelphia, 7 A. M., 3 P. M.
SILVER STAR.—For Philadelphia, 8.00 A. M.
" " From Philadelphia, 3 00 P. M.
" " For Bordentown, 4.45 P. M.

For the Time Table of the EDWIN FORREST, see the advertisement of the River Steamers.

– Mill street needs sweeping.

– Leaves have their time to fall.

– Peaches have almost disappeared.

– The Constable is busy collecting the borough tax.

– A cow on the track stopped the "Chicago limited," at Bristol last Tuesday.

The mill of Samuel Appleton, on Buckley street is approaching completion. The roof is being put on.

—Robert Hall, an old and esteemed resident of Bristol, died last Sunday at the advanced age of 84.

—A cheap John establishment, opposite Silbert's Hotel has been taking in considerable money evenings.

—A match game of cricket will be played in Bristol on Saturday between the Brooklyn Cricket club and the club of this place.

—A. M. Parsons, of Falls township, was one of the fortunate peach growers this year. The yield from his orchards reached 15,000 baskets.

—The victory of the Athletic base ball club over the St. Louis was duly appreciated by the lovers of the sport in Bristol, and last Monday's newspapers were in great demand.

—The old iron railroad bridge near the Mill street crossing has been removed, and the freight house on the north side of the tracks has been set back to make room for the additional tracks.

—The shop and dwelling of Lewis Foster, who lives in the "stone row," on Lafayette street, was entered on Tuesday night and tobacco, cigars and clothing valued at about $35 taken.

—Amos Lippincott, Bristol's veteran tobacconist, has had the misfortune to be unable to meet his payments, and the Sheriff last Saturday closed his doors and a bill of sale has been put thereon.

The treasurer of the Independent Fire Insurance Company will be at Closson's Hotel on Monday, October 15th, to receive the assessment. The members of the company are assessed 25 cents on the $100.

—A temperance meeting will be held on Sunday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, at at the Friends meeting house on Market street. Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, will explain how alcohol affects the blood. All invited.

—St. Mary's church, Burlington, will be reopened for public worship on Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Coxe of Central New York, will preach, assisted by the Rector and Rev. J. L. McKim, of St. Mary's Hall.

—The following officers were elected in Hopkins Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., last evening, to serve for the ensuing term:—Noble Grand, Christopher Hetherington Vice Grand, E. W. Minster; Financial Secretary, Clarence N. Peirce: Treasurer, John M. Callanan.

—Bristol Division, No. 107, Sons of Temperance, will celebrate their first anniversary on Tuesday evening next, at the lodge room over Cabeen's Hall, by a public installation of their officers, and an address by Mr. J. Boughton, the eloquent temperance orator.

—On Friday night last the tin and stove store of Thomas Barnard, on Mill street, was entered by burglars. They got away with goods, consisting of cutlery, spoons, &c., valued at $100. The entrance was effected through a second story back window, the door leading to the first floor being pried open. The thieves also forced open the money drawer but obtained only a small amount which was left for making change.

—Bristol Division, No. 107, Sons of Temperance have elected the following officers for the ensuing term:—Worthy Patriarch, Miss Mamie L. Hutchins; Worthy Associate, T. B. Haines; Recording Scribe, Charles MacCorkle; Treasurer, Edward Barton; Financial Scribe, Mrs. Anna H. Stradling; Chaplain, William Hoot; Conductor, Wesley Hoot; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Eliza Lindall; Inside Sentinel, Miss Lizzie Booth; Outside Sentinel, Edward Clark; Trustees, Jonathan Lovett, William Hoot, Joseph Leafe.

—The Democratic County Convention met at Doylestown last Monday. Bristol was honored by the election, on the second ballot, of Jesse W. Knight as permanent chairman. On taking his seat Mr. Knight gracefully expressed his thanks for the honor conferred and intimated that it would be a good thing if the convention would nominate a strong ticket. Ten vice presidents were chosen by acclamation, a large number of candidates for the different offices to be filled were placed in nomination, and a contest for seats in the convention from the Third ward of Bristol having shown itself, a committee was appointed by the president to hear the testimony and report to the convention. The meeting then adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

On reassembling in the afternoon the committee on the Third ward contest reported that in order to preserve harmony the whole of the delegates from the Third ward be admitted, and the report was accepted.

The result of the first ballot for officers was as follows:

Treasurer.—Eugene James, 7: Jacob Haggerty, 18; B. Frank Bodine, 3; A. J. Ely, 13.

Coroner.—Thomas Dill, 13; A. J. Bean, 9; James V. Smith, 20.

Poor Director.—Dr. Samuel F. Fries, 3; Charles Hamilton, 8; Garret Dudbridge, 13; Eli Morris, 15.

Delegates to State Convention—First District.—Kirkpatrick, 4, (withdrawn); Fluck, 27; Bender, 2, (withdrawn); Cope, 21; Schoch, 10; Grim, 11.

Fourth District.—James B. Candy, 16; Augustus Willett, 24; John C. Stuckert, 17; George S. Silbert, 14.

The Delegates to the State Convention from the Second and Third districts were nominated by acclamation.

SECOND BALLOT.—After the First ballot had been announced the convention took a recess of ten minutes to prepare the ballots for a second vote, with the following result:

Treasurer.—Eugene James, 3; Jacob Hagerty, 24; A. J. Ely, 13.

Coroner.—Thomas Dill, 15; A. J. Bean, 3; James V. Smith, 21.

Director.—Samuel F. Fries, 1; Garret Dudbridge, 16; Eli Morris, 21.

Delegates—First District.—William H. Kirkpatrick, 1; Joseph A. Fluck, 2; W. S. Cope, 23, William E. Schoch, 5; Dr. Grim, 5 Swope, 1.

Fourth District—James B. Candy, 12; John C. Stuckert, 22; Geo. E. Silbert, 5.

The resolutions approved the platform and nominations made at the recent Democratic State Convention, the administration of Governor Pattison, the action of their Senator and members of the House of Representatives in opposing an adjournment of the present extra session, the action of the Judicial Convention in nominating Harman Yerkes for President Judge, and pledged him their united support at the coming election. The ticket as nominated was heartily indorsed, and, after being made unanimous, the convention adjourned.

Personal Mention.

Miss FANNY TABRAM is visiting relatives in Troy, N. Y.

Hon. HARMAN YERKES, Democratic candidate for Judge, is in Bristol to-day.

Mrs. JOSEPH S. PEIRCE is spending a few weeks in Baltimore among her relatives.

Mrs. L. B. MITCHELL, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Reed, has gone to Tombstone, Arizona.

Mrs. H. K. LOVE, of Des Moines, Iowa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thomas.

Mrs. CAROLINE SCOTT, of Long Branch, spent a few hours in Bristol the other day. It was first visit here for five years.

ED. PHILLIPS, of New York, and HAL BARTOW, two former Bristol boys, paid a flying visit to their old home last week.

Miss CARRIE GURNEY, of Philadelphia, who had been spending a few days in Bristol, the guest of Miss Meta Grundy, returned home yesterday morning.

The cards for the marriage of Miss NELLIE L. VANDUSEN to EDWARD S. PHILLIPS, of New York, and formerly of this borough, have been issued. The wedding takes place at the Madison Avenue Baptist church, on Wednesday, October the 10th.

—The 19th annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will be held in the city of Scranton, Lackawanna county, commencing Tuesday, October 16th, 1883, at 10 A. M., and continuing, with three sessions, daily, Wednesday and Thursday, October 17th and 18th.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post office, Wednesday evening, September 26th:—Johnnie Allen, John Bancroft, W. K. Brown, S. Q. Bunting, Rosanna Clark, Laura Davis, P. D. Ford, Mamie E. Fow, Charlie F. Grey, Fraugott Grube, Mr. P. Green, William S. Hall, John F. Keen, Hugh Nelson, Maggie Parr, Samuel W. Rue, Bridget Rourty, John Vanzant, William Vanzant. Postals.—Mrs. Mary Casey, Matilda J. Ervin, Mrs. Kate O'Brien, Julia Riley, Robert Vanzant.

—Preliminary subscriptions amounting to more than $100,000 are a sufficient guarantee that the city of Atlanta, Ga., will soon have a new hotel in place of the Kimball House, which went up in smoke six weeks ago, and probably a bigger and better one.

—A Massachusetts man has tried the experiment for twenty years, and is convinced that a man can support a family of six on eight acres of land cultivated properly. At first he thought the farm too small, but now he finds it land enough.

—The introduction of the telephone into Russia was only effected a year ago, but its use has already become almost universal in St. Petersburg, the lines now connecting the most distant parts of the town with the centre.

—An American lady in Paris recently appeared at a ball in a novel dress. It was of pure white kid, fitting perfectly, and marvelously embroidered in silver.

—Long close-fitting cloaks, trimmed with five-inch bands of fur, are being made for the coming winter.

—If there are are any more trade dollars in Bristol they will be received at par for subscription to the GAZETTE.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—I was pleased to see in your last issue an article concerning the disposal of the dead, for I feel that it is a subject that ought to be kept prominently before the public until a reform in our present methods has been inaugurated.

Sanitary drainage is gradually forcing itself more and more into public notice, but while this is occurring there is the other, and in certain cases more deadly, danger of burying grounds. It is the universal testimony of those who have studied the subject that our cemeteries, "beautiful as many of them appear without, are being prepared to be plague-spots and pest-beds to this and future generations."

In corroborration let me quote from a leading English paper, the *St. James Gazette*:

"One of the most horrible discoveries of modern science is surely that of Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro. That city had been seriously afflicted with yellow fever, and Dr. Freire, in his inquiries into the causes of the epidemic, came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positively alive with microbian organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings, blood, etc., of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried about a year before: and though it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or smell, it was found, under the microscope, to be thickly charged with these abominable disease germs. Many of the organisms were making spontaneous movements. In fact, therefore, the cemeteries are so many nurseries of yellow fever; for every year the rain washes the soil and the fever-seed with which it is so closely sown into the water courses and distributes them over the town and neighborhood. Says the Doctor: 'If each corpse is the bearer of millions of millions of organisms that are specifics of ill, imagine what a cemetery must be in which new foci are forming around each body. In the silence of death these worlds of organisms, invisible to the unassisted eye, are laboring incessantly and unperceived to fill more graves with more bodies destined for their food and for the fatal perpetuation of their species.' How terribly fatal these organisms are, indeed, may be understood from the fact that the blood of a yellow fever patient injected into a rabbit killed the animal in an hour."

Of course the objection will at once be made that such plagues and epidemics are rare in our northern states, but rare as they have been yet centuries do not seem to have killed the power of disease germs, for it is stated, on good authority, that Modena in 1828 was visited by a plague which could be directly traced to excavations made where the plague victims of three hundred years previous had been buried.

It is capable of proof that headache, diarrhœa and ulcerated sore throat are maladies which are frequent in the vicinity of all graveyards.

Washington Square, in New York, which seventy years since was the potter's field, to-day shows the effect of such use, for even now nearly every morning "a dense blue haze several feet deep rests over it, and a physician who lived several years on its western border, declares it impossible to raise children on the ground floors of the houses in that vicinity."

In country places the great danger consists in the water supply becoming gradually and imperceptibly vitiated.

The London *Lancet* says, "It is a well ascertained fact that the surest carrier and the most deadly fruitful indus of zymotic contagion is this brilliant enticing looking water, charged with the nitrates which result from decomposition."

What are we to do?

For the loathsomeness and repulsiveness of burial, why not substitute cremation?

On scientific and health grounds it is the only safe mode of disposing of the dead. Our body must decay and disintegrate, and by burning we simply accelerate our return to mother-earth.

The great argument with the mass of people is that it is atheistic and unchristian in that it is an undermining of our faith in the resurrection.

To those that bring forward such an argument, I should simply ask, What of Cranmer and Huss and the immense number of martyrs who were burned at the stake, will they not be raised to see and worship the God for whom they suffered so much?

Beside is it not far pleasanter for us to think that we at once pass into the element to which we must surely go instead of lingering for years in the grave a mass of putrefaction and the abode of worms.

H. P.

—*The Art Amateur* for October is a treasure for home art workers. Its designs include three for China Painters (primroses for a vase, harebells for a plate and poppies for a placque), three for Embroidery—a letter case, a photograph frame and a bellows; a charming hawthorn panel for Wood-carving, a dozen pleasing figures for sketching on linen and a multiplicity of monograms and jewelry designs. There are valuable articles on etching, drawing in red, and other topics, with some good examples on crayon work; the Munich and Boston art exhibitions are reviewed and attractively illustrated; there are some excellent pictures of Boule work and one of a remarkable Henri Deux cabinate inlaid with ivory, and many practical suggestions for home decoration and furnishing. Price, 35 cents; $4 a year. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

—The English people, who have been so apprehensive of cattle disease from American sources, are now forced to depend largely upon this country for beef, on account of the prevalence of disease among their own cattle.

—About 100 prisoners in the State prison at Wethersfield, Conn., were suddenly taken ill Friday afternoon, and it is supposed they were poisoned by eating corned meat. It is thought all will recover.

—At Deptford, England, the other day, when a coroner was about to swear a jury, he opened a book which was supplied by the landlord of the tavern at which the inquest was held, and discovered that, instead of the New Testament, it was a copy of "Tristram Shandy." It was some time before a copy of the right book could be obtained.

—A splendid dress was recently exhibited at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, which had been worn by a Countess of Airlie at a ball given by Prince Charles Stuart in Holyrood Palace, Edinbergh, in 1645, in honor of the victory gained at Preston Pans.

—A canal boatman has informed a reporter of the Harrisburg *Patriot* that a round trip to Baltimore at one time gave a profit of $250, but that now hardly pays expenses.

☞Almeria, Delaware and Concord grapes, nice pears, bananas, apples, oranges, lemons, cocoanuts and a fresh stock of fine confectionery at Jesse Jackson's, 27 Mill street.

—A California farmer has raised three watermelons weighing 104, 98 and 84 pounds.

☞Byron never uttered truer words than when he said, "Physicians mend or end us." But while doctors disagree, all the world has agreed that there is no remedy equal to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

☞David Jones will sell at public sale on Wednesday, October 3, between Burlington and Mt. Holly, three miles from Burlington, horses, fresh cows and springers, fat cattle, steers, grass calves, sows, pigs and shoats, and hay.

—Manager Abbey says that the reception given to Mary Anderson in London was the greatest he has ever seen, and that her triumph is complete.

☞Warner's Safe Liver and Kidney Cure.

☞Pork and sausage at the Union Meat Market, corner of Wood and Mill streets. George L. Horn, proprietor.

—Mrs. Louise Pomeroy, the divorced wife of "Brick" Pomeroy, was married at Landhurst, Australia, August 4th, to Mr. Arthur Elliott, a member of her company.

WHAT WILL STOP MY COUGHING AT NIGHT? Guarantee Acker's English Remedy will. Price 20c., 50c. and $1. Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—A thousand million dollars is the estimated shrinkage of Wall street values within two years.

A THOROUGH COURSE of Acker's Blood Elixir will remove all taint from the blood. It cures Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils and Pimples. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Fresno county, California, is making a canal 100 feet wide from Kings river to irrigate 30,000,000 acres of dry and worthless desert.

NO LONGER A QUESTION of opinion, we guarantee every box of Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. Price 25c. and 50c. Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—The profile of the Old Man of the Mountain, in the White Mountains, is to be rivaled by a rock at Cohasset which gives an outline of the features of Daniel Webster.

AN OLD NURSE SAYS: Acker's English Remedy is *best* for coughs, croup, diptheria, or bronchitis. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Judge Headley ought to write a book and call it "Foraker's Enough."—*Herald*.

USE ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Consumption. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—The Chicago railways are cutting rates.

LADIES SHOULD REMEMBER, a beautiful complexion results from using Acker's Blood Elixir. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—The fattest man in Virginia keeps a hotel at Bristol. He weighs 500 pounds.

"I DON'T FEEL WELL?" The stomach is out of order; neglected, this means chronic dyspepsia. You should take Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets and avoid this terrible disease. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Henry J. Gresly, of York, has a calf which though only eight weeks old, weighs three hundred pounds.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and even Asthma *immediately* relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—A Springfield, Mass., received this despatch from his generous Holyoke girl the other day: "Joe, come up; I am full of money and will pay all expenses."

☞D. S. M. M. These initials stand for *Dorrance Street Meat Market*. It was once supposed, in view of the fact that that is the place to buy good meat at reasonable rates, that it meant *Daily Save Much Money* by going to this popular stand, but Mr. Cornell assures us that the first explanation above is the correct one, although the second is also strictly true.

☞Rich, rare and juicy are the famous steaks of Edward S. Stackhouse. There is no disappointment in his announcements. For juicy steaks and choice roasts, for lamb chops and legs of mutton, try his meat market and you will be well satisfied.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum, or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

☞Capt. Charles H. Fenton, at the corner grocery, on Mill and Cedar streets, in addition to his stock of staple groceries now has an abundance of fruit and vegetables. He sells peaches at 60 cents a basket, watermelons from 5 cents up, tomatoes 25 cents a basket, lima beans 12 cents a quart, green peppers 25 cents a basket, egg plant 30 cents a basket, cabbage, sweet potatoes, peas and apples also at low prices.

☞WHERE AND HOW TO BUY A SEWING MACHINE.—Where there are more than one kind to select from so that you see the different makes together, not from a wagon that hucksters but one kind and leads you to believe that that is the best. The best machines are not peddled from door to door. Call at 26 Radcliffe street and see the latest improvements in sewing machines, and where you have more than one kind to select from. Several good second-hand machines for sale cheap; such as Wilcox & Gibbs, Howe, Singer, Weed, American, &c. W. H. Booz, dealer in all kinds of sewing machines, No. 26 Radcliffe street, Bristol, Pa.

MARRIED.

GUYON—BOOZ.—September 19th, 1883, at the parsonage of the M. E. Church, by Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr Charles M. Guyon and Miss Mary E. Booz, all of Bristol.

DIED.

MORRIS.—September 25th, 1883, Mrs. Ellen Ellen Morris, wife of James Morris, in her 73rd year. The friends are invited to attend the funeral on Saturday morning, 29th inst., at 9 o'clock. High mass at St. Mark's church.

HALL.—In Bristol, September 23d, 1883, ROBERT HALL, in the 81th year of his age.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.—On the road from Bristol to Tullytown, on Sunday morning last, a long BLACK CRAPE VEIL. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at the Gazette Office.

EDWARD N. BOOZ, Auctioneer, 23 WOOD STREET, BRISTOL.

Notice.

THE members of the INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, are hereby notified that they are required to pay to Edward Thomas, Treasurer, Torresdale, Philadelphia within sixty days from the date of this notice, 25 cents on each $100 insured by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the company.

The Treasurer will sit at the following times and places to receive the tax:

Monday, October 15, Closson's, Bristol, 9 to 12.
" " " Eddington, 2.
" " " Red Lion, 3 to 4.
Wednesday, " 17, Johnson's, Holmesburg, 9 to 4.
Friday, " 19, Heffner's, Bridesburg, 9 to 12.
" " " Campbell's, Tacony, 2 to 4.
Monday, " 22, Campbell's, Frankford, 9 to 4.
Tuesday, " 23, Ogden's, Saniford, 9 to 11.
" " " Stever's, Bustleton, 2 to 4.
Friday, " 26, Heffner's, Bridesburg, 9 to 4.
Monday, " 29, Hoffman's, Fox Chase, 9 to 12.
" " " Felton's store, Olney, 2 to 4.
Tuesday, " 30, Clayton's, Branchtown, 9 to 12.
" " " Tompkin's, Keiper Corner, 2 to 4.
Thursday, Nov. 1, C. S. Clayton's, Lady Washington Hotel, 9 to 12.
Monday, " 5, Stout's, Holmesburg, 9 to 3

If not paid on or before November 10th, ten per cent. will be added, and policy suspended until paid, agreeable to Constitution of Company. Signed,

JOHN COOPER,
WM. ROBBINS,
EDWARD THOMAS,
Committee of Managers.

September 3d, 1883.

Carpetings!

We suggest some advantages which retail buyers have when dealing with us:

Our Stock is probably as large again as that owned by any other Carpet House in this city.

Our Patterns are the newest, and are handsome in all the grades.

Being Manufacturers, buying of us means buying from first hands, saving intermediate profits.

Our Prices are not approached by any dealer offering equally good qualities.

In most stocks several grades of Carpets are thrown together and offered at same price. A buyer may or may not select the one perhaps worth the money. With us each lot is all of one value. We Guarantee every Carpet of our own make.

Special Bargains can always be found in our large assortment. By asking for them none need go away dissatisfied.

BODY BRUSSELS AT $1.10,

Short lengths left from our special successful sale. It will be worth the time spent in looking to see if the pieces are not long enough to cover the room needing a Carpet. At any rate, buyers should not select elsewhere until they call on us.

J. & J. DOBSON, MANUFACTURERS, 809 & 811 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM C. PEIRCE, Stock Broker, No. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.

Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.

We the undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm name of THOMAS B. HARKINS & CO., to continue for three years from July 11th, 1883.

Thomas B. Harkins as general partner contributes all the stock, machinery, fixtures and certain book accounts of his foundry business at Bristol, Pa., and continues in charge to manage the entire business for the new firm.

William P. Thompson, as special partner, contributes the sum of three thousand dollars in cash.

Signed, THOMAS B. HARKINS, WILLIAM P. THOMPSON.

Bristol, Pa., September 4, 1883.

NOTICE REDUCTION in WALL PAPERS.

For the next sixty days, in order to make room for a large assortment of Fall Goods bought from New York and Philadelphia manufacturers, I will sell stock on hand at GREATLY REDUCED RATES. Call and get prices.

W. GRACE, Paper Hanger, 76 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

P. S.—A FULL LINE OF WINDOW SHADES.

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF RADCLIFFE and MULBERRY STREETS, where he will be happy to see his old patrons and as many new ones as choose to favor him with a call. All Dental work promptly attended to in the most skillful manner, at reasonable rates. Thanks for past favors.

G. W. ADAMS, D. D. S., Bristol, Pa.

TO FARMERS.

SUBSTANTIAL FARMERS who may read this are invited to examine

THE OXFORD MARKET, CORNER OXFORD and TWENTIETH STS., and consider if it would not be to their interest to have a stall there.

MAHLON H. STOUT, Attorney at Law.

Special attention given to Surveying and Conveyancing and the Negotiating of Loans.

Office—44 Mill Street, Bristol.

WANTED.—AN EXPERIENCED DRY GOODS SALESMAN. To a young (unmarried) man with first-class references, a permanent position will be offered. Apply by letter to G. W. GRANT & SON, Trenton, N. J.

For Sale Cheap.

HOUSE AND LOT, corner Wood and Mulberry streets. Lot 58 by 117 feet. Apply to JOHN C. STUCKERT.

SCHOOL SUITS! SCHOOL SUITS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM BANKRUPT SALE.

Large lot of little boy's suits, $2.25, $2.50, $3.00.

Big bargains in big boy's suits—an elegant suit for $3.75.

New fall and winter suits for men—good quality, $7.00.

New lot of Felt Hats, 50 cts.

UNDERWEAR at wholesale prices.

Undershirts, 20, 25, up to 75c. for extra heavy merino; sell in the city for $1 00.

Neck Ties! Neck Ties!! All the latest fall styles, 5c. to 40c.

Fine Suspenders, 15c.; high toned silk ones, 25c.

Custom-made Working Shoes, $1.30; fine Gaiters, $1.55.

Knit Jackets! Knit Jackets!! 65c., 75c., $1.00.

Fine Kid Driving Gloves, 75c.; with gauntlets.

We are now prepared to offer greater bargains than ever.

WOOD'S Cash Clothing Store, 60 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

REDUCTION In Price of Spices.

The new tariff law having gone into effect July 1st, last, nearly the whole list of SPICES has been materially reduced. The former duty affected the prices very considerably, being so much as 20 cents a pound on Nutmegs and 25 cents on Mace. A duty of 30 cents a pound is now placed on all the more important GROUND Spices which effectually preven the importation of them in that form. This is an advantage to the consumer as the more recent an article has been powdered the better is its quality.

Our stock is now, as it always has been kept, strictly fresh and without a particle of adulteration, and as low in price as can be sold by any one.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE, S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STS., BRISTOL, PA.

PUBLIC SALE OF TOWN LOTS.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, will be sold at public sale, upon the premises, on SATURDAY, the SIXTH day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1883, the following described real estate, situate in Tullytown, Bucks county, late the property of Jonathan B. Wright, deceased.

Lot No. 1.—Situate on the corner of Trenton avenue and Fallsington road, containing ton and six-tenths square perches of land. The improvements consists of a one and a half story Frame House, 12 by 16 feet, with frame kitchen attached, 14 by 24 feet; cellar under house.

Lot No. 2.—Containing in front on Main street, one hundred and two and three-tenths feet, and extending in depth 526 feet to land of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company, adjoins lands of Amos Briggs, Jacob Allen and Sarah Bruden. The improvements on Main street are a two and a half story frame house, 16 by 24 feet, with frame kitchen attached, 14 by 16 feet, cellar. Also a frame barn, 16 by 18 feet. On the rear of lot, fronting railroad, are a large barn, 16 by 21 feet, two frame wagon sheds, one 16 by 32, the other 20 by 32 feet; a hen house, 10 by 16 feet, and an ice house, 24 by 30 feet.

Lot No. 3.—Situate on the South corner of Brown street and Fallsington road, adjoining land of William H Parr, having a front on Brown street of 98 feet, 2 inches with a depth of 80 feet.

Lot No. 4.—Situate on the Fallsington road, adjoining lands of Christanna Appleton, and the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company, containing forty-four and one-sixth square perches of land. The improvements consist of a weather-boarded log house, two and a half stories high, 16 by 26 feet, with frame kitchen 12 by 16 feet attached, cellar.

The sale will commence at 2 o'clock P. M. Conditions will be made known at sale by

MELISSA B. COOK,
JONATHAN E. WRIGHT,
Administrators.

CHARLES LOVETT, Auctioneer.

Bristol Cemetery.

THE managers of this Cemetery have LAID OUT AND IMPROVED About Seventeen Acres of Ground FOR BURIAL PURPOSES,

In a location that is believed to be the best that could be secured, as it is convenient, well drained, secure from encroachment, and the sub-soil a dry sand and gravel. A considerable number of lots have already been sold and interments have commenced. The prices have been fixed much lower than other places of interment in this vicinity and range from 20 cents a square foot for lots not situated directly on the avenues or other prominent parts, to 35 cents a square foot for the choicest lots in Section C—making the price for a lot 9 by 15 feet, $27 and $47.25, respectively. Lots may be obtained larger or smaller, various sizes being on the plan which will be furnished to those intending to purchase.

A commodious and secure Receiving Vault has been constructed for the use of lot owners.

A suitable place has been reserved for single interments.

Further information may be obtained of

H. PURSELL, Secretary.

MOUNT HOLLY FAIR!

OCTOBER 9, 10, 11 AND 12, 1883.

Offers $12,000 in Premiums

For the finest strains of Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, the choicest productions of the Factory, Farm, Garden, Orchard and Household.

For Trotting, Running and Pacing.

For the greatest variety of attractions shown at any Agricultural Fair.

NEW HALF-MILE REGULATION TRACK

Special Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railroads.

For Premium Lists, send to H. I. BUDD, Corresponding Secretary, Mount Holly, N. J.

DOYLESTOWN FAIR! OCTOBER 2, 3, 4, 5, 1883.

$6,000 In Premiums.

New Features; Liberal Awards; Usual Attractions in all Departments; good Buildings and good Track; Trotting and Running Races each day. Excursion Tickets from Philadelphia only $1.00. Premium List mailed upon application to

J. WATSON CASE, Sec'y, Doylestown, Pa.

A GOOD PLACE TO GET AT Right Prices Substantials and Luxuries FOR THE TABLE.

Dorrance Street Cash Grocery.

EDWARD H. FOSTER.

School for Boys.

MR. H. H. POUNDS, A. B.,

A graduate of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., will open a School for Boys on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, in the school building on Radcliffe street near Jefferson avenue.

The school will prepare for college or business.

The school year will be divided into two terms, and the charge for tuition will be $30 per term.

Other information will be given by Messrs. Burnet Landreth, Joshua Peirce, R. H. Morris, Charles Sturdevant, or the Rev. Dr. Knox.

THE MISSES CABEEN WILL REOPEN THEIR SCHOOL, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th.

BRISTOL SEMINARY.

THE BRISTOL SEMINARY will enter upon its ninth year September 12th. Music under the direction of Miss Eva J. Swain. Mad'lle Perigot will continue her classes in French and German, and Miss Louisa Iredell will have charge of the Primary Class and also teach Elocution in the school.

For circulars address MISS A. MERRIAM, Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. A. ABBOTT & CO., SUCCESSORS TO J. H. WOOD, 58 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Ladies' Muslin Underward,	25c. upward.	Best Oat Meal,	6
Ladies' Trimmed Hats,	$1 50	Fine Syrup,	55c. gal.
Jerseys,	2 00	Mackerel,	12c. lb.
Hosiery,	3 and 30c. pair.	Cheese,	10
Ladies' Wrappers,	75	I X L. Hams,	16½
Calicoes,	5c. yard.	Royal Baking Powder,	10
Counterpanes,	50 and 1 39	Rumford's Baking Powder,	10
Bed Quilts,	75 and 1 25	Matches,	10c. doz.
Blankets,	1 00 and 3 50 pair.	Large Dairy Salt,	4c. bag.
		Rice,	8
Granulated Sugar,	9½	All Tobaccos,	9c. plug.
C Sugar,	8	Cattle Powder,	17
Tea (the Best in Bristol),	40	Powder,	35
Rio Coffee, two pounds,	25	Shot,	9
Old Government Java Coffee (finest)	30	Caps,	3
Babbitt's Soap,	6	Axle Grease,	10c. box.
A good Soap,	3½	Agents for Sea Bird Oil Works,	
Our Spices are extra quality, guaranteed pure.		Headlight Oil,	17c. gal.
		Or 5 gallons,	75

We have lots of goods too numerous to mention. Give us a call and we will convince you that you can save 10 and 20 per cent. at our store.

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NEW YORK SHOPPING.

PERSONS living at a distance from New York can send to us for any article they want as we have unequalled facilities for purchasing at the very lowest jobbing prices, from the largest and most reliable importing houses in the city. All orders filled promptly.

DRESS GOODS, of any style.

UNDERWEAR, of any quality.

MILLINERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HOSIERY.

Ladies ordering Hair Goods or Millinery, should state their age, height, complexion and general style. In ordering Dress Goods be particular to state the highest price you are willing to pay, and rest assured that the judgment and active experience of years are at your disposal.

P. H. BRADY.

To the Ladies!

PLEASE EXAMINE OUR PRICE LIST OF EMBROIDERY SILKS, CREWELLS, &c.

2 skeins, 12c, 3 knots, 10c; 3 skeins Embroidery Silk, 3c.; 1 skein Embroidery Chenille, 4c., 1 skein Ard-ine, 8c.; 1 skein Etching Silk, 5c.; 3 skeins French Cotton, 12c., 1 Lap Split Zephyr, 9c.; 3 Kensington and 2 Chenille Needles, 2c; 5 cross-stitch patterns, 10c.; 3 new Tidy Patterns, 20c.

WE GIVE FULL INSTRUCTION FOR DOING STAMPING THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.

2 Stamping patterns for Kensington, 15c.; 1 for outline, 10c; 1 for flannel, 5c, 1 for braiding, 5c., 1 box of powder, 25c.

Special Attention Given to Orders.

STAMPING PATTERNS AT WHOLESALE. Outfits from $1 to $5.

Parties can have their goods sent by mail to us, and have them stamped. They will be satisfactorily done and returned by mail the next day.

DESIGNS, MONOGRAMS, COATS OF ARMS, CHURCH DESIGNS, EMBLEMS, &c., MADE TO ORDER.

All Goods Made Warranted.

P. H. BRADY, 381 SIXTH AVENUE, Between 22d and 23d Sts., NEW YORK.

AMOS LIPPINCOTT, The Veteran Tobacconist, HAS REMOVED HIS STORE FROM 69 TO 57 MILL STREET, where he intends to carry on his business as heretofore on the SCRUTENUTENARY PRINCIPLE.

He keeps constantly on hand the best brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS

Try the "Ahajo," the best five cent cigar in the market.

"Butler's Gilt Edge" a new and favorite Tobacco, is highly recommended.

"North Star" and "Magnolia," Fine Cut Tobaccos kept constantly in stock.

Cigarettes and all kinds of Smoking Tobacco Scotch and Rapee Snuff, Clay, Briar Wood and other Pipes in great variety. Rember the place.

57 Mill Street, Bristol.

The Storeroom of J. H. BOSTWICK, Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., Bristol, WILL BE FOR RENT BY THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

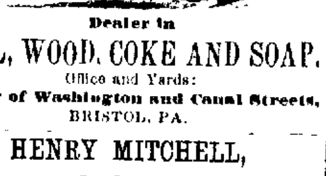
IT WILL BE DISCONNECTED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

And will be an eligible stand for any kind of mercantile business.

IT IS 68 FEET DEEP BY 20 WIDE.

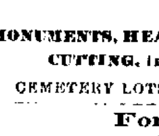
THE LIBRARY AND GOODS ARE FOR SALE, Together or separate. Enquire of the proprietor, J. H. BOSTWICK.

CHARLES W. PEIRCE, (Successor to Joseph S. Peirce,)



Dealer in COAL, WOOD, COKE AND SOAP. Office and Yards: Corner of Washington and Canal Streets, BRISTOL, PA.

HENRY MITCHELL,



MARBLE and Brown Stone CUTTER, Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES AND STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.

CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

RIVER STEAMERS.

The Steamboat Silver Star

Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Fare, 25 cents. Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

Trips Resumed. THE STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,

Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 A. M., and 4 P. M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40 cents.

STEAMBOAT TWILIGHT.

The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 9.30 A. M. and 5.00 P. M. Fare, 25c. Excursion, 40c.

Freight taken at low rates.

HENRY CRAWFORD, Captain.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.

THE STEAMER EDWIN FORREST

Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St. wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	28,	10 A. M.	Friday,	28,	2 P. M.
Saturday,	29,	10 A. M.	Saturday,	29,	2 P. M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.

Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 60 cts.

All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.

REMOVAL.

THE BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE HAS REMOVED TO ITS NEW QUARTERS ON MILL STREET, OPPOSITE RADCLIFFE.

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer as a flour and feed store and coal yard, where we will be happy to see all our former customers, and as many new ones as will favor us with their patronage.

We have constantly in stock and for sale a large and well-selected assortment of

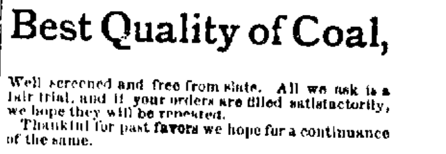
COOKING STOVES, RANGES, Parlor, Hall and Office Stoves, DOUBLE HEATERS, FOR HEATING TWO OR MORE ROOMS, FURNACES, Either portable or set in brick, STOVE HOLLOW WARE, Custom Made Tinware, MILK CANS.

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-class house furnishing store.

Tin Roofing

Done at the lowest possible price for cash. Old Roofs repaired and painted. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Coal! Coal.



After this date we shall be prepared to furnish and deliver the

Best Quality of Coal,

Well screened and free from slate. All we ask is a fair trial, and if your orders are filled satisfactorily, we hope they will be renewed.

Thankful for past favors we hope for a continuance of the same.

THOMAS BARNARD, Mill Street, opposite Radcliffe, Near Steamboat Landing.

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer.

EVERY LADY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR Strawbridge & Clothier's FASHION QUARTERLY.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Nearly one thousand engravings, illustrating the new things in every department of fashion.

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EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home, and the newest things in art needle work.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Instructions how the distant consumer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents or the city.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR. SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

J. K. WILDMAN. No. 26 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

BONDS AND STOCKS of all kinds bought and sold.

United States Bonds EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.

JOSEPH SHERMAN, MANUFACTURER OF SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, SHUTTERS AND FRAMES, Siding and Flooring, MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS, IN EVERY VARIETY.

Mill—Dorrance St., West of Railroad, BRISTOL, PA.

JESSE O. THOMAS, NOTARY PUBLIC, Gazette Office, BRISTOL, PA.

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From The Century.

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

BY RICHARD A. JACKSON.

While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago;
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
There dwelt, in old Penfield's peaceful shades, an old time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow,
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed;
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore,
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore,
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike mind,)
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:
"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me."
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and Fate.

PIT'S VISIT.

BY M. O. ALTON.

Pit was in disgrace. She was usually in disgrace. She lived with a woman who was not her mother, and who was very poor and very cross, and who did not want poor Pit at all. It is true she was not always a good child; but then nobody loved her, and she had not many good times in the world.

She sat on the dingy steps, holding her headless rag doll by one limp arm, trotting her dingy bare toes, and looking down the street with a heavy frown upon her old looking face.

A finely dressed little girl, about Pit's own age, came by, with floating curls and a pretty basket on one arm.

"Hullo, Lil!" called out Pit.

The little girl thus addressed, whose name was Lillian and who was never called "Lil" by any one except Pit, did not look overpleased at this salutation, nor did she return it.

"I'm coming down to your house," said Pit.

"What for?" asked Lillian, in no tone of pleasure.

"To see you, and go vis'tin'."

"You needn't," was the inhospitable answer. "I don't want you."

"Nobody does," said Pit; "and so I might as well be in one place as another for all that. I'm a-going."

Lillian's pace quickened into a run, as she saw Pit slide down from her perch on the doorstep, and prepare to follow her. She never once looked behind her, but ran fleetly down the street, and soon entered the door of her own home shutting it violently after her.

"What made you run so? You are all out of breath," said her mother, who was a sunny faced, happy-eyed woman.

"Because—Pit—Jacques—was after—me," said Lillian, panting so for breath that she could hardly speak.

"And what was Pit Jacques going to do to you?" And she held off a spray of autumn leaves, which she was painting, to catch the effect of the last tint.

"Going to visit me—the dirty, ragged thing! I won't have her coming to see me!—And here she is now just coming in at our gate! Look at her!"

Lillian's mother looked and saw, as Lillian had said, a very dirty and ragged little girl, with uncombed hair, entering the yard. A rag doll dangled from one hand, also very dirty and headless, as I have said before. As soon as she saw Mrs. Howe's face at the window, she first slackened her pace, and then stopped altogether, and stared down the street as if she were looking earnestly at something afar off.

"Go into my room a few moments, Lillian dear," said her mother; "I want to see this child."

Lillian moodily did as bidden, and her mother stepped briskly to the door.

"How do you do?" said she; and Pit turned and looked keenly at her.

"Do!" answered the child, grinding one bare heel into the gravel of the walk.

"Won't you come in?" kindly asked Mrs. Howe.

"Ken I?" asked Pit. "Lil said she don't want me, and I don't b'lieve she'll have me."

"I think she will," was the reply. "Come right in, dear."

Nobody ever called Pit "dear," and she did not know what to make of it. Her round, black eyes looked sharply at Mrs. Howe.

"Dun 'no. You ain't goin' ter come any kind of a shine on me, be ye? I hain't done nothin' ter Lil."

If she had been met with a stick and threatened with a whipping, she would have been less taken aback, for she would have plainly understood that; but, now she could not imagine what to expect. Upon being kindly reassured, however, she went timidly in after the lady, and sat quietly down in the pretty little willow chair, which was placed for her.

"Do you like pictures?" asked Mrs. Howe.

Pit nodded her head slowly, and Mrs. Howe handed her a book of Lillian's, filled with colored plates.

"You may look at those a few moments while I go into my room," she said; "I shall very soon come back." And she went to Lillian, who stood by the window in no amiable mood.

"My dear little daughter," said her mother, putting her arm around her, "I am going to give you something to think about a little. I want you to look about you and think of your beautiful home, of the kind parents and friends you have, who do all in their power to make you happy; and I want you to determine in your own mind how you think you ought to treat a little girl who has no parents, no pleasant home, no one to love her, or try to teach her how to make herself lovely.

Lillian looked troubled, and bit her lip thoughtfully.

"But, mamma," said she, lifting her beautiful blue eyes, "what would Kitty Norton think to see me playing with that Pit? She can't bear her, and all the good girls hate her."

"What would your heavenly Father think, what would Lillian Howe think, to see you trying just one afternoon of your happy life to make a poor friendless child have a good time for once? Is Kitty Norton's opinion worth more than these?"

Lillian said nothing. Come out whenever you choose, and act as you choose," said her mother, kissing her; and, then, she returned to Pit, who had laid her book on a chair, her headless doll upon the book, and was standing with her dirty bare feet upon the table rubbing her dingy hands over an oil painting upon the wall. She was not in the least disturbed by Mrs. Howe's entrance, but cooly turned her head and said:

"I think that's *awful* han'some. Seems's ef that girl looks some like me, don't she?" Mrs. Howe smiled, and said she really did think those eyes were a little like Pit's; and she was inwardly pleased to note an inborn love of the beautiful in the girl, together with her acuteness in detecting the likeness.

"But," she added, "I think if your face were clean, you would look more like the girl in the picture; and, then, it is not the way to do to get upon tables with your feet. Don't you want to come with me now?"

Pit sprang lightly to the floor, and followed Mrs. Howe to the kitchen, casting lingering looks behind her at the picture.

Before long, Lillian came out, looking very bright. What was her surprise to behold Pit sitting demurely, arrayed in one of her own print aprons, with clean face, hands and feet, and tidily combed hair. She could not help observing that it was a really pretty face which looked up at her.

"I'm here, ain't I?" said Pit, with a tone in which there was trifle of exultation.

"Yes, and I am glad to see you," replied Lillian, smiling.

"You be? Why, I thought you'd be madder'n fire," said Pit, greatly astonished and, I am afraid, a little disappointed also. "See there!" she said, straightening up and rubbing her hands over the clean apron and pointing toward Mrs. Howe, who had resumed her painting. "She did it, and she told me to wear it till I went home. She's a cute one, ain't she? Who is she, your mother?"

"Yes," said Lillian, laughing.

"Wish she's mine. I hate old Liz, she's so ugly. She told me I shouldn't come inside the house till dark, and I don't want to now."

"What made her tell you that?" asked Lillian's mother.

"Ugly," answered Pit, shortly.

"What did you do?"

"Much o'nothin'. Jest kinder made up a face, that's all; but 'twa'n't nothin' to what I can make up."

"Well," said Mrs. Howe, "we won't talk now about it, but see how good a time we can have, until it is time for you to go home."

Pit's eyes sparkled; and even Lillian looked pleased and said, "Do you want to come upstairs and play dolls?"

"Yes," said Pit, eagerly; and she ran across the floor and seized her old doll.

"Oh, don't take that dirty thing with no head," said Lillian. "I have some good ones up in the play-room."

Pit's eyes flashed. "Do you think I'm goin' ter leave Jemimy down here all alone, jest because I've got dressed up, and she's got on her old clo'es, and got her head tore off? Not much! She did not tear her head off, 'n she can't help it, 'n she needs to be took care of all the more." And Pit held her firmly in both hands, as if she expected to have to use force to carry out her ideas of justice to the forlorn Jemima. But Lillian made no further objection; and the two went upstairs, Pit carrying Jemima. Pit's eyes had a good deal of staring to do, and her fingers a good deal of handling, which caused Lillian considerably anxiety, and she was forced to restrain the curious fingers more than once. But Pit, won over, was on her good behavior, and was quite obedient to Lillian's gentle remonstrances. After having looked things pretty well over and nearly exhausted her "Oh, mys!" and "Good lands!" and the remainder of her list of exclamations, she sat down.

"I'll tell you what," said Lillian, "I'll be the mother, and you be my little girl and you may play with dolls, and I will sew. Play I have a great deal of sewing to do."

"All right," said Pit, who was well satisfied with the attention she was receiving. Lillian was well taught, and could sew very nicely. She took a tiny work basket and sat down to her work. Pit busied herself playing "go to see," and visited various imaginary persons with "Jemmy" and "Waxy," one of Lillian's dolls; while Lillian herself cut and sewed.

By and by, she said, "I'm going down a minute, Pit."

"What for?" asked Pit.

"Only just a minute. I'll be right back."

"All right?" said Pit. "But what's that little round bag for that you've been making?" she asked.

"I don't want to tell you now. By and by, you may know," answed Lillian.

"All right!" again said Pit, very good humoredly. And Lillian flitted out, and ran swiftly downstairs; for she did not quite like leaving Pit long alone with her treasures. She soon returned; and the playing went pleasantly on, until there came a tap upon the door. Pit opened it in obedience to Lillian's request. There stood Mrs. Howe.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said blandly, as she make a very low bow. "I am very lonely," she said, "and have come to borrow a little girl to live with me. Now, there is Jemima. I would like to take her home with me."

"She's mine," said Pit.

"Yes, I know; but I will be very, very kind to her."

"Well, she may go," said Pit. And she thrust her into Mrs. Howe's hands.

Mrs. Howe said, "Thank you," and bowed so low that Pit laughed outright. Then, she shut the door; and Mrs. Howe walked downstairs, holding Jemima between her thumb and finger, by one corner of her very dirty frock.

The shadows began to lengthen, and the corners of the room to grow dim and dusky, when Mrs. Howe called the girls to come down. When they entered the pleasant sitting room, they saw a beautiful pair of brown eyes looking straight at them; for right in the middle of the room was the little willow chair, in which was seated a lovely doll, which Pit had not before seen.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Howe, "allow me to introduce to you Miss Jemima Jacques, with her new head and her new pink calico dress." Lillian's eyes fairly danced with delight. Pit's hands flew up, and her mouth flew open with astonishment, and her feet flew around the room in a strange, wild dance of glee.

"Where did you get it? Where did you get such a splendid head?" she gasped.

"Why, mamma! I'd no idea it would be so handsome," said Lillian, in astonished delight. "She is perfectly lovely." Then, turning to Pit, "That is the little bag I was making," she said.

"Why, how could it be?" asked Pit, in wonder. "You ain't tellin' a whopper, are ye?"

"No, indeed," said her mother, coming to Lillian's defense. "I stuffed 'the little bag' with cotton, then painted a face upon it, and sewed it on poor Jemima's shoulder; and, then, I found a piece of pink calico, and very quickly made the dress she has on. And so Miss Jemima is quite a fine lady, you see."

Pit's delight could not be expressed; and Lillian's was nearly as great, though more quiet.

"It is now time for you to go home," said Mrs. Howe "and you may keep the apron you have on for your own, if you will be a good girl and take nice care of Jemima and keep her clean."

"I guess I will be good," taid Pit. "I never see such folks as you be in all o' my born days. I'll do anything you want me to, but Liz need't think I'm bein' good on her account." Pit seized the smiling Jemima; and, without so much as a "good bye," she ran out of the door, shutting it with a bang, and flew up the street toward home, disappearing in the gathering darkness as fast as her bare feet could carry her.

Lillian met her mother's smile with an answering smile, and said: "I do feel paid, mamma, a hundred times; but it been pretty hard work some of the time to-day."

Her mother kissed her fondly, and said nothing. No words were needed.—*Christian Register.*

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Effecting the Welfare of all.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches: the lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to be for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them.

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effacted by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopic examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surpeised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, (Bright's disease) and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. GUNN, M. D.
Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune;* Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.

A DEN OF SEA LIONS.—To the right there is a den, and such a den, too. Here were seen at least 200 little sea lion pups or cubs rolling or tumbling over the rocks, wholly unconscious of our presence. It was not until a shot had been fired and rocks thrown at them that the large sea lions became alarmed. They were not brave and made no attempt to protect their young. On the contrary, as soon as they saw us looking in their nursery they gave loud barks, snorts or roars and dived deep into the water, which rose and fell in foamy breakers at the mouth of the cave. A hundred could have been caught with ease, so stupid did they appear to be.

A second visit to the den by other members of the party resulted in the capture of two of the young sea lions or seals. A little boy, ten years of age, named Ernest Whitehead, ambitious to own a sea lion cub, followed Mr. Seely, of Goleta, into the den. He at once threw himself upon a young cub almost as large as himself, wrestled with it in an attempt to force it into a sack, and, as he rolled into the water with his finny antagonist, he cried lustily for help and a larger sack. With the assistance of Mr. Seely the little fellow secured a captive cub and brought it to the sloop, where he shed his wet clothes and lay basking on the sunny deck until his clothes dried. He had got his sea lion pup.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

The pages of October *Eclectic* will be found highly readable and attractive. The opening article on "Luther," by James Anthony Froude, is a brilliant and vigorous study of the life of the great German reformer, which is very seasonable in view of the recent tercentennial celebrations in Germany. M. Leon Say, the eminent French diplomat and publicist, says some pregnant words, marked by both acuteness and moderation, on the Franco-English problem in Egypt. Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the distinguished English historian, contributes an interesting sketch of John Richard Green, whose recent death left a gap among the great contemporary historians. One of the most noticeable articles in the number is by the Earl of Lytton, on "The Stage in Relation to Literature," which is peculiarly readable in its account of the relations of Bulwer Lytton to Macready, and history of the writing of the play of "Richelieu." Frederick Pollock's article on "The Forms and History of the Sword," and W. S. Lilly's paper on "The Saints of Islam," in their separate ways, are articles full of interest. Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the well known English reformer and labor agitator, gives us some suggestive passing reflections on the New World, under the title of "American and Canadian Notes." The poets of the number are James Logie Robertson and J. A. Symonds, and there is a pleasing variety of short articles.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the *Living Age* for September 15th and 22d contains France and England in Egypt, and France and Syria, *Fortnightly;* The Locust War in Cyprus, *Nineteenth Century;* Across the Plains, *Longman's;* King Mtesa, and the Belka Arabs, *Blackwood:* Two Turkish Islands To-Day *Macmillan;* Morcua; or a Few Days among the Indians, *Month;* Earth Pulsations, and Winter Life at Fort Rae, *Nature;* Unclaimed Money, and the Southampton Artesian Well, *Chamber's Journal;* The Pathetic Element in Literature, The Closing of the Scottish Highlands, and a Summer Day's Journey, *Spectator;* with "Master Tommy's Experiment," "Town Mouse and Country Mouse," and instalments of "Along the Silver Streak," and poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

PHASES OF SANITARY SCIENCE.—It is a singular fact that in spite of the thousand inventions in pulmbers' appliances, and the countless safeguards which sanitary science has devised, the best advice which one of the most accomplished engineers has to give house builders is to have as little work of this sort as possible. Mr. Waring applies the mathematical rule to plumbing, and avers that the danger increases inversely as the square of the distance. Given four times the length of lateral pipe or twice the number of stationary washstands or sinks, and the danger is either sixteen or four times as great. He would therefore cut off all washstands and baths from bedrooms, and dispensing with every lateral pipe of any length would concentrate in a single bathroom on a floor all the water and drainage appliances, thus making simplicity the main element of safety.—*New York Tribune.*

The Terror of the South.

JASPER, FLA.—Mr. Boardman W. Wilson traveling for A. G. Alford & Co., dealers in firearms and cutlery, Baltimore, was prostrated here, with the "break-bone fever;" he asserts that in his own, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, and an army of others.

PLANTS AS SWAMP DRAINERS.—A novel method of draining very wet swamps is being practised in some countries. It is known to botanists that most large leaved plants give off about their own weight of moisture in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Upon this principle certain plants have been grown in swamps which were not wanted for immediate cultivation, and in a few years the swamps became dry and had borne in addition a crop of hoop poles or other products. The great eucalypti of Australia are especially useful for this work; but many of our own trees answer the purpose admirably.

☞Years added to the faith of those cured of Heart Disease by use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. For 30 years it has proved itself a specific. $1.

I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind as the servile imitation of others.—*Greville.*

South Butler, N. Y., March 20, 1882.
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Gentlemen—This is to certify that I have used your syrup for rheumatism. Have been troubled with that terrible disease for twenty years; some of the time could not get out of doors. My limbs began to get out of shape. I have doctored with different physicians, but could get no relief. One of my limbs began to wither, and I made up my mind I would be a cripple for life, and for several weeks could not turn over in bed without help. I was finally persuaded to try Rheumatic Syrup, and had taken it but a short time when it began to help me, and in less than two months I was out of doors, and am now so I can walk as well as ever. In short, I am well.

ITHIMER SOUTHWICK.

"A BLESSING IN DISGUISE."

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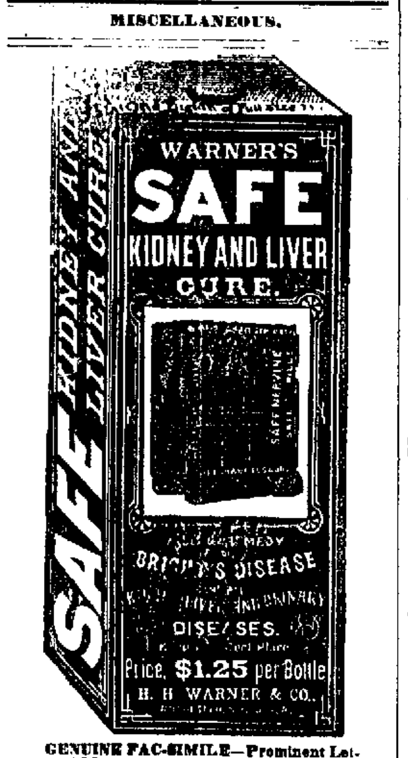
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If you have been using other plasters one trial of Allcock's Pourous will convince you of their wonderful superiority. Take no other so called porous plasters that claim to be better, they are all frauds gotten up to sell on the world wide reputation of the genuine article.

Pride goeth forth on horseback, grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way.
—*Longfellow.*

MISCELLANEOUS.



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To railroad men, travellers, miners, lumbermen and others who are almost constantly exposed and who have to make frequent reference to the watch, these qualities are of the utmost importance.

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"I sold one of your Patent Dust Proof Cases about ten months ago, and the other day it came back to me with the request to make it wind easier. On examination I found that the stem was rusty, and I inquired into the cause of it. The gentleman stated to me that he was starting some saw-logs that had lodged in the bend of the river, when his chain caught in a bush and threw his watch into about twelve feet of water, and he was about two hours finding it. When he got it out it was running and he thought all right. In about three months he found that the stem was hard to turn and sent it to me.

I can say that the watch is all that the company claims for it and recommend it to all railroad and mill men. B. W. BENTLY."

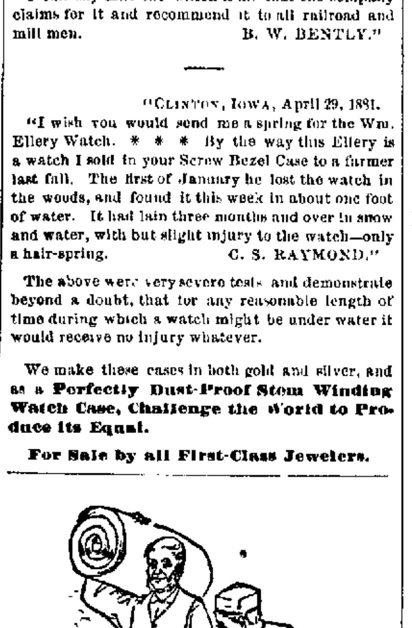
"CLINTON, IOWA, April 29, 1881.

"I wish you would send me a spring for the Wm. Ellery Watch. * * * By the way this Ellery is a watch I sold in your Screw Bezel Case to a farmer last fall. The first of January he lost the watch in the woods, and found it this week in about one foot of water. It had lain three months and over in snow and water, with but slight injury to the watch—only a hair-spring. C. S. RAYMOND."

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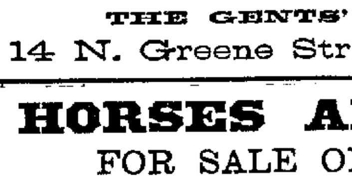
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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An Ordinance

TO ENCOURAGE MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISES WITHIN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

WHEREAS, The continued growth and prosperity of the Borough of Bristol has been largely due to its various manufacturing establishments; and

WHEREAS, It is believed that the great natural and artificial advantages possessed by this borough for manufacturing purposes need only to be pointed out to the business public in order to secure the location and erection of many more manufactories within the town, and

WHEREAS, Experience teaches us that even the best locations are overlooked and neglected unless some effort is made to arrest the attention of the public by offering some inducement for developing the same, therefore

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same:—That all manufactories which are or shall be erected within the Borough of Bristol, shall for the period of ten (10) years from the date of their erection be exempted from the payment of borough tax.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, this 14th day of September, A. D. 1883.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Burgess.
Attest:—JESSE O. THOMAS, Clerk.

Greatest Discovery for the Cure of Catarrh

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